

School of Theology at Claremont



1001 1330046

THE  
CHURCH  
IN TIME  
OF WAR

WINN STOTT  
HOLMAN



# The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY  
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE  
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA



Saddington



# The Church in Time of War



51  
136.2  
W5

# The Church in Time of War

By the

Right Rev.

Arthur F. Winnington Ingram, D.D.

Lord Bishop of London

London

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

44, Victoria Street, S.W.

Theology Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY



## Preface

A TIME of war is a very searching time for men and nations and Churches. "The fire shall test every man's work of what sort it is"—this is a prophecy of what shall happen at the last day, but it is also, in a measure, what happens in a time of war. I have ventured elsewhere to call this particular war, on which the future of the world depends, a "Day of God," for, indeed, it is in many respects an anticipation of the Judgment Day.

Now, how has the Church come out in this great testing time?

No doubt it has shown many a weakness and many a shortcoming, and it goes without saying that it has had many critics; but it may at least ask its critics to bear in mind the object for which a Church exists.

It exists to inspire the nation to take a noble

## Preface

and high-minded line of policy, to fill the sailors and soldiers with fortitude and courage, and give them in abundance the spiritual and sacramental help they need; to set an example itself of self-sacrificing service; to visit the sick and wounded; to comfort the mourners; and to lead day and night the intercessions of the people.

Anyone who could point out where in any of these particulars the Church has failed, and how it could do better in the second year of the war, would be doing the Church a great service.

But critics who think that the first duty of all the ordained clergy was to enlist as combatants have not thought out deeply enough the problem. The question for every Churchman was not, "What should I *like* to do?" but "What is it best for the nation that I should do?"

Would it really have been best for the nation to have had no non-combatant chaplains at the front, no intercession services at

## Preface

home, and no pastoral work among the sick, the wounded, the anxious, and the mourners ? I venture to say that I *know*, at any rate, what the soldiers themselves would have answered. What the Church did do was this: Within the first fortnight of the war, in addition to those offered to the Admiralty, it offered two thousand men to the War Office to be chaplains—that is, to share the risk of danger and death with the rest of the army. More and more men have offered week by week ever since; indeed, during the whole twelve months the difficulty has never been to find men to go, but to get a sufficient number allowed to go by the military authorities, and to choose the most suitable out of the many volunteers. Further, the Church encouraged every young man under its influence to volunteer at once as a duty to God as well as to the country. The exodus from all the Church choirs, the Church Lads' Brigades, the Church Scouts, and the ranks of the servers, has been enormous. It is admitted that seventy per cent., and some put



## Preface

it as high as eighty per cent., of the new army are Churchmen, and the clergy have flung their sons into the battle-line from end to end of the country.

Having done this, they have tried to follow up their example by exhortation, and by word as well as deed to help the nation to rise to its great opportunity, and, above all, they have quietly, systematically, gone on with their spiritual work.

This has really been the most heroic course to take. People say kind words sometimes of my visit to the Front, or the two months spent last summer in the camps at home; but, if it comes to that, I look upon the nine and a half months spent at the daily grind of diocesan work as far more "heroic"—if such a word is to be used at all—than the two and a half happy months spent among the soldiers.

This little book contains a few of the addresses given and sermons preached during the last twelve months. No allusion has been made in it to words spoken to the troops at

## Preface

the Front, as no reports were taken of them, and they have been so well summarised in my chaplain's account\* of our visit; but the addresses in this volume may be taken as a fair example of the teaching given throughout this momentous year, and I can only pray that it may make some appeal to the soul of the nation to carry on the great task to which it has set its hand patiently to the end, and never for a moment to listen to suggestions of an ignoble peace until the great aims for which it has joined in this war are attained, and attained for ever.

A. F. LONDON.

*Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, 1915.*

\* "The Bishop of London's Visit to the Front," by his Chaplain. Messrs. Longmans.



# Contents

## I.—AT THE GUILDHALL

	PAGE
WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR ? - - - - -	1
(i) National Freedom - - - - -	3
(ii) National Honour - - - - -	18
(iii) National Faith - - - - -	31

## II.—TO CLERGY AT QUIET DAYS

(a) THE GREAT TREASURE - - - - -	49
(i) The Treasure committed to our Charge - - - - -	51
(ii) Our LORD's care for His Treasure - - - - -	71
(iii) Helps to Stewardship - - - - -	91
(b) ADVENT PICTURES - - - - -	109
(i) The Faithful Steward - - - - -	111
(ii) The Bridal Procession - - - - -	126
(iii) The Wickedness of Sloth - - - - -	141

## III.—TO CHURCH-WORKERS

(i) The Problem of Suffering - - - - -	159
(ii) The Riches of the Church - - - - -	174
(iii) The Judge at the Gate - - - - -	189
(iv) Bearing the Cross - - - - -	205
(v) Heaviness and Joy - - - - -	224
(vi) The Way Everlasting - - - - -	243

# Contents

## IV.—ON THE WAR

	PAGE
To BOYS - - - - -	263
(i) Fortitude - - - - -	263
AT THE CANADIAN MEMORIAL SERVICE - - -	274
(ii) Life for Ever and Ever - - -	274
To MOURNERS - - - - -	292
(iii) Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy - - -	292
TO THE NATION FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S -	301
(iv) The Church's Call to the Soul of the Nation	301

## APPENDIX

(i) Message to the Clergy of the London Diocese - - - - -	311
(ii) Message to the People of London - - -	314

I

AT THE GUILDHALL

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

B





# I

## NATIONAL FREEDOM

I AM quite encouraged to see only half an audience to-day. That is to say, I am very much encouraged really that, instead of two thousand men, chiefly young, whom we have had here before at meetings like this, we have only half the number here to-day, because I am perfectly certain I know where the other thousand are. They are either out at the front or preparing for the front. Therefore, what might discourage me at other times—the view of a certain number of empty chairs—encourages me to-day, because my subject is the Gospel and the War.

Now, it seems to me that in an Advent like that of 1914 there is only one subject to consider with you. All our thoughts go to one place. As the King said in that splendid address to his soldiers, “We follow you in our daily thoughts on your certain road to vic-

## National Freedom

tory.” My own brigade, those very men with whom I spent every day of August and September last year, are in the trenches now. Some of them are already killed, some are wounded. You can imagine how day and night my thoughts are with my comrades in that tremendous ordeal through which they are passing. I will frankly admit on this subject of the Gospel and the War that the Gospel ought by this time to have made the terrible crime of such a war impossible. I feel myself that we do not properly understand, over here in the peace and quiet of England, the hell that it is out there. “Hell” is the word used every time by every man who comes to see me from the front or writes to me. That which is going on now is not like a battle of the old days, when you had it out in seven or eight hours, and all was over. Some of the greatest battles in history were finished within twelve hours. But war now is to be in the trenches, and often in cold, wet trenches, day after day, night after night, and have no cessation of shell-fire day or night; to have bullets raining down upon you often at night, and see

## National Freedom

your comrades killed at your side. Many a man whom I have seen has had this experience. There it is—Hell on earth, and you must add to that what there is no doubt has been the case—the country deliberately ruined, towns and villages deliberately burned to the ground. I have talked to a man myself who has seen forty-seven of the civilian population of Louvain shot one day before his eyes. We have had in the papers details of the destruction of village after village, town after town. And therefore there is nothing in the world that we can paint which can really convey properly to us, who live in the peace of our own homes, the horrors and evils, nay! the devilry, of the war.

But there are three things worse than the evils of war, and it is of these three things that I wish to speak to you. The first is National Slavery, the second is National Dishonour, and the third National Apostasy. I am speaking to some who have their dearest sons serving, and to some whose sons are now dead. But I ask them whether it is not better for us to give our nearest and dearest than

## National Freedom

to give up our liberty as a nation, our honour as a State, or our faith as a Church.

National Slavery ! do you realise, all of you, what a home of freedom this England has been for centuries ? Why, you look round this Guildhall to-day and see the monuments of some of the men who won the freedom of the world. What a place it is, the Guildhall, to remind us what a home of freedom our country has been ! She has fought tyrant after tyrant on her own soil, and won her freedom from Kings and nobles. Or again, there in front of me is the Duke of Wellington's monument. At the Battle of Waterloo a century ago, he won the freedom of the world. Therefore it is a big thing to ask free England to become a German province. I would—I tell you frankly—I would rather die than see England a German province.

And not only is Great Britain the home of freedom, but she is the mother of freedom throughout the world. I think that by far the most encouraging thing for us is to see these great serried ranks of liners coming across the ocean from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India. In India our patient Civil Ser-

## National Freedom

vants have come to their own at last; their steadfast sense of justice, their efficiency, have been realised by the people of India. When it was put to them, they rallied as one man round the Empire. And who would have believed that Botha would have been leading a British force to-day ?

And the reason of all this is that we have been the mother of free countries. We have grown free nations. There is no other country in the world that can make people so happy under its rule as our country. We seem to have a knack, a genius, for creating free nations, who love their mother. And we are having our reward to-day. We are the mother of the free ; but more than that, we are the children of Freedom. England is the child of the free. I have lived over a year and a half in Germany, and I know what I am talking about. It is all very well for them. They can manage with it and govern themselves as they like; but no Englishman could stand being overridden and downtrodden by policemen every moment of his life (much as we honour our policemen), or being held down

## National Freedom

by a crowd of officials. It would stifle a child of freedom. We are the children of the salt spray and the wild wind; we are not accustomed to that sort of thing. Why, we were not allowed to skate in Germany until the police had pronounced the ice safe. And, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that the child of the free can never for one moment stand being under the domination of German Kultur.

And yet it is even beyond this. I do not think we fully realise that it is nothing less than the slavery and domination of this free island upon which the German's heart is set.

It was an old writer long ago who said: "Oh that my enemy had written a book!" Well, Germany has written about twenty books. We have, therefore, in black and white, in Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, precisely the aim on which the German heart is set. It is to conquer the world for the good of the world, that it may be dominated by German Kultur. Some of you may not have time to read these books. The writers are entirely obsessed by the idea that the Germans

## National Freedom

are to conquer the world for its good. If you doubt that, read the books; you can get Treitschke for two shillings, or Bernhardi for two shillings, or you can examine them as analysed by our most brilliant Oxford dons. Read them for yourselves, and if after you have done so you say the view given of them is exaggerated, I will own that I am wrong. I am absolutely certain of this, that the object set forth in every book is the conquest of the world for the good of the world. Fortunately the British Empire stands in the way. And that is the reason that we see to-day this bitter hatred of England, which we do not return in the least. I am always saying that we ought to be too proud and too Christian to hate back. Whenever I preach or speak about the war, I say that we must not forget that the German soldier does not understand these things. He is fighting for his Fatherland. The German mother sends out her son with as much pride and tenderness as the English mother sends out her boy. They only have incomplete, expurgated White Books to give them the facts. Many of the German soldiers in Belgium



## National Freedom

thought they were in France; numbers of German prisoners are convinced that Paris and Calais are already taken. Therefore do let me, as a Christian Bishop, while I speak strongly of the responsibility which lies on those who made this war, implore you not to encourage hatred against Germany. I believe myself that when their eyes are opened, and this Prussian domination is crushed to powder, they will live to bless those very people whom they now curse, and will find themselves what they are not yet—a free people.

I come to the Gospel. What does the Gospel teach me with regard to this war? And here you may be surprised when I say at once that I think I shall be able to prove to you in a moment that the Gospel teaches me to resist to the uttermost this domination. We are making a great mistake about Christianity when we think, as many people think—what, indeed, the Germans think—that it is a decadent religion; that it teaches the abolition of all the noble instincts of courage, fortitude, and sacrifice. They make a great mistake if they think that Revelation from God was

## National Freedom

meant to supplant those noblest instincts of the human race which we have received from above. Love of our country is one of the deepest instincts in the human heart, planted there by God Himself. I acknowledge equally that the love of country planted in the German heart is also given them by God—if they would be content with loving their own country and not seek to dominate the world. Not only is the Bible not meant to supersede what we call “natural religion,” but the New Testament is not meant to supersede the Old. It is meant to supplement it, to soften down its harshness here and there, but still to leave untouched the great virtues of courage and patriotism, which are inculcated in the Old Testament. Before my men went out to battle there was one text on which I spoke to them, which I know stood by them for many a week. It was this: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.” I told them that this was a splendid utterance of a patriotic heart. What I said

## National Freedom

to them you will find in an address entitled "A Call to Arms," which helped to induce two Brigades to volunteer for Foreign Service\*—"Jerusalem is beautiful, standing as it does three thousand two hundred feet above the sea. But there is a more beautiful place than Jerusalem, and that is England. As I come back from any other part of the world, whether from America, or Canada, or Khartoum, and see the white cliffs of Dover, or rush in the train through the hop-gardens and the home-steads of Kent, I cannot but feel that England is the most beautiful place in this world." And therefore I may claim religion on my side when I bear for my Jerusalem the love that the old Jew had for his. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!"

And, more than that, our LORD in the New Testament Himself endorses this doctrine of patriotism. He loved His own city. He wept over Jerusalem. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they

\* See "A Day of God," by the Bishop of London. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd. 1s. net.

## National Freedom

are hid from thine eyes." Yes, He loved His Jerusalem. He was a patriot at heart, and therefore when I ask, very naturally, of the religion of the Old Testament and of the New what I am to do, I am told to love and stand up for and defend my country as a primary religious duty. How am I to do it?

First of all, with the *utmost sacrifice*. I wonder if we have fully realised that. I sometimes think that those nations which have come home from across the seas have taken to heart, really more than we have at home, what all this war is about.

" For all we have and are,  
For all our children's fate,  
Rise up and meet the war,  
The Hun is at the gate."

They understand that: so they have given up their profession, sold their business, sacrificed their prospects, to stand by the Mother Country. And we must not be outdone by them.

" No easy hopes or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul."

## National Freedom

That is the first thing. I know it is very hard to give up your best and most dearly beloved sons, and for them to throw up their prospects in the City, or to give up their positions, when they are expecting to settle down in life. But this is a Day of God, and we want the utmost sacrifice that can be given for the most glorious cause in the world.

But also we have got to defend our country with *fortitude*. I believe more and more in that Christian virtue of fortitude, in that power of bearing things, bearing bad news, bearing casualty lists. Our soldiers in the trenches, frost-bitten and standing up to their waists in water, have to bear it, day after day, night after night. Men I have spoken to have stood it for eight days and eight nights, never out of the trenches, with not more than one hour's sleep night after night. They have borne this: we must show equal fortitude at home.

“Ye that with me have fought and failed and fought  
To the last desperate trench of battle's crest,  
Not yet to sleep, not yet; our work is nought;  
On that last trench the fate of all may rest.

## National Freedom

Draw near, my friends; and let your thoughts be high;  
Great hearts are glad when it is time to give;  
Life is not life to him that dares not die,  
And death no death to him that dares to live."

And then, thirdly, we must show at home what a great writer calls *majesty*. "Then," Napier says, "was seen with what majesty the British soldier fights." We must show real freedom at home. If this is to continue to be really the land of the free, we must be free from the drink curse. When Russia has given up ninety-six million pounds a year in the vodka trade at one blow, are we to sit down under the stain of our great railway termini on Saturday night? It is a disgrace to the country, and we do not deserve to win if we do not make a like sacrifice to Russia, and to France, who have given up everything. Moreover, we must free our young men from temptations that beset them in our camps. We ought to send them out morally equipped for the ordeal which awaits them, pure and true and trained. We are not a free nation if we sit down under the dominion of lust. How terrible that, when some young boy gives in his name

## National Freedom

as a recruit, he is made drunk, perhaps, by some foolish friend, or is overcome by some moral temptation outside the camp! He defiles his soul and stains his mind just when he ought to go out like a brave young knight to the battle. If we allow this, we do not deserve to win.

And then, as a nation, how disappointing to us it was that just before the war, when we tried to get this simple reform, that no girl between sixteen and eighteen shall be allowed to consent to her own ruin, even that the country refused to pass! I know that some people believe that the war came as a curse for that one thing. I shall start on that reform again when the war is over. When a disgraceful villain gives his excuse for ruining a girl of sixteen years and two days that he had looked out her birthday, and knew exactly how old she was—that excuse was actually given in a certain case—such a man as that ought to be punished before men and angels as a disgrace to humanity. The land of the free has got to be really free. We want to fight for it, to stand up for it with sacrifice, with fortitude—



## National Freedom

yes, but also with a clear conscience. “If the SON, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” And our prayer and belief is this, that when this tremendous trial is over, when, please GOD, we have won the victory, our England will be free with a freedom that it has not known for years, and will have the liberty which the world can neither give nor take away.

## II

### NATIONAL HONOUR

WHEN I spoke of National Freedom, I pointed out that our dear country had been the home of freedom for centuries, and that we were the mother of free nations. And I know you followed me as I pointed, as one source of pride, to those lines of ships coming over from Canada, Australia, India, and the islands of the sea, to stand by the Mother Country to-day. You did not seem to relish the idea of the home of the child of freedom, the child of the salt spray and the wild wind, being a German province. I gathered one thing more than anything else, that you regarded it as a tall order to ask the British Empire to become a German province. We pass on, and my subject now is National Honour.

Since I was with you I have attended a memorial service for one of the brightest and most

## National Honour

gifted of our young Englishmen,\* a Fellow of All Souls', and one of the most brilliant athletes Oxford has ever produced. He was killed at the front, and we held a memorial service to him. But he is only one of the thousands we have lost in the same way—our best and brightest blotted out. I spend much of my time, whenever I have a chance, with the widows and the mothers of those who are gone. Among these are two happy young wives whom I married a few months ago. They are widows to-day. And the feeling in the minds of parents cannot be summed up better than in those beautiful words Sir Henry Newbolt wrote at the time of the South African War:

“ O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing,  
What of the dales to-night ?  
In yonder grey old hall what fires are glowing,  
What ring of festal light ?

“ In the great window as the day was dwindling  
I saw an old man stand ;  
His head was proudly held, and his eyes kindling,  
But the list shook in his hand.

---

\* Gerard Anderson, son of the late rector of St. George's Hanover Square.

## National Honour

“ O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,  
No sound of joy or wail ?  
‘ A great fight and a good death !’ he muttered;  
‘ Trust him, he would not fail !’

“ What of the chamber dark where she was lying,  
For whom all life is done ?  
Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,  
‘ My son, my little son !’ ”

And, therefore, we do not hide from ourselves the great tide of grief and anguish that is sweeping over thousands of English homes to-day; and the thought of this brings me to my point: There is one thing which would be worse—National dishonour.

I was standing on a most historic occasion side by side with perhaps the grandest and truest soldier and gentleman we have ever had, Lord Roberts. We were listening in the House of Lords lobby of the House of Commons—there was no room to sit down—to a level, calm voice. We could not see the owner of it, but the calm, level voice went on for three-quarters of an hour in the House of Commons. It was the voice of Sir Edward Grey, and there was something very impres-

## National Honour

sive in it to both of us, I know, for we had tea together in the House of Lords afterwards and talked it over. (It was the last time I saw that dear old man.) There was something very impressive in simply listening to that level, quiet voice rehearsing the whole story of what led up to the war. As I listened, I was convinced to the bottom of my conscience that we were bound to join in the war, that our national honour compelled us to do it. And first of all because there never had been in history—and we felt that even on the third of August, 1914—a clearer case of planned aggression. I say that even on that day we were certain of this. But now that certainty has been made even stronger still. The French Yellow Book has come out, and the Italian Grey Book, and those who follow these things closely know that these two books have turned our certainty into a still greater certainty. It now appears that the ultimatum to Serbia was made in Germany, and was proposed to Italy twelve months before it was sent; and it would have been sent then but for Italy's refusal to join in it. There was, therefore, a deliberate and

## National Honour

planned scheme to bring about a war. And when you look into the French Yellow Book you see that King Albert, whose name will ring with honour and glory while time shall last, says: "I discovered a year and a half ago, to my great regret, that the Emperor of Germany was no longer on the side of peace."

Therefore that level, quiet voice which summed up the situation on the third of August was perfectly right, even then, in saying that this was a coldly planned, carefully prepared for act of aggression, as it is now proved before the whole world to be.

That being the case, we had to stand by our friends. We looked round, and saw eyes looking back on us from all over Europe. Here was France, who had taken her ships away from the Channel largely to put them in the Mediterranean, on the understanding that her friend would guard her coasts. And, sad as it is to see those thousands of lives lost, I should feel a sadder man to-day if I were standing by, as an Englishman, and seeing the German fleet harrying the French coast. France was looking to her friend. Russia was looking across the Northern

## National Honour

Sea to see if England really was that decadent, peace-at-any-price-loving nation of shopkeepers she was said in Germany to be. But, most pathetic of all, Belgium, whose whole fortune and future was at stake—Belgium, with its King, looked across in its hour of trial to see whether it could depend on the word of Englishmen. Here was the treaty signed by Great Britain. But it was also signed by Germany. Would Great Britain, as Germany did, call it a scrap of paper? This was what the whole of Europe was waiting to see. And in that awful twenty-four hours I know there were some of us who were simply trembling lest the honour and the glory and the tradition of our country should be laid in the dust for ever. If we had given the wrong answer, not all the glories commemorated in this Guildhall, not Waterloo, not Agincourt, not any of our great victories, could have saved us from the reproach, the eternal disgrace, of having failed in our word. And, therefore, it was a moment of the most acute anxiety for all of us, until we knew whether from the greatest heights of glory England was to be plunged

## National Honour

down to an unfathomable abyss of shame. If England had failed then, its influence on the world would have gone for ever. It would have been known as the false friend, the craven comrade, the Meroz of nations. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the LORD, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the LORD, to the help of the LORD against the mighty."

And although it was an awful moment, it was with a deep sense of relief that we saw the British Lion, always slow to move, slowly rouse himself—and, as it turned out, with all his cubs following behind him—and, placing his paw upon the treaty, say: "My word is my bond; I stand by my friends. God defend the right." And I am here to assert that, in giving that answer, the British Empire was following the Gospel. I have not swerved, mark you, for a moment from my subject, the Gospel and the War. I believe that in giving that answer the British Empire was true to the Gospel which it professes to observe and to follow. Even those of you who know your Bible least well know these commands—



## National Honour

“ Speak every man truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another.” “ Be ye angry, and sin not.” There are some occasions that is when righteous anger is proper. “ Honour all men ” (even your enemies, if they give you a chance), “ love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King.”

I hold, therefore, that the Gospel, as we understand it, and as we have taken it to our national heart, compelled us to that one course, and no other, no matter what the cost might be. Look at the cost to-day. If national honour bound us to make war, what has it to say about continuing the war ? I say that, if we were bound then, we are bound ten times more to-day, and we are bound by something that has taken place in Belgium. Now, I have not been trusting to mere reports about these things. I have talked with eye-witnesses, and I have read letters of eye-witnesses. There has never been such a disgraceful sight in the world at all in Christian times as the state to which Belgium has been reduced to-day; the destruction of these towns and villages — and I have this from eye-witnesses — has been

## National Honour

perfectly and entirely deliberate. It has not been destruction caused by accidental shell-fire; and we must all admit in fairness that we should find it very difficult—I should—to fire a shell at five or six miles and be absolutely certain what and whom we were going to hit. It has not been that sort of accident. This has been carried out in the following way: First a regiment has come and broken in the doors and windows. (This is the actual description of an eye-witness.) Then comes a company or regiment pouring petrol into the houses. Then comes a detachment carrying torches and lighting the petrol. Thus the thing is done. That has gone on all through Belgium, and it has been carried out in France also. We have over here thousands of Belgian refugees, and it seems to me before high Heaven that we are pledged never to give up our efforts, never to sheath the sword, until Belgium is restored as far as it can be to what it was. It will not be possible to bring back to life the murdered women and children, or to restore the ravaged towns; but we have to stand by our friends until compensation has

## National Honour

been given to Belgium, the only compensation that can be made in this world, that shall in some measure rebuild her towns again. The literary riches of Germany must be given to enrich her libraries again. As far as possible, restitution must be made to a country which never did one single thing to deserve this fate.

And then we come to France. I go home to entertain at two o'clock a little band of French refugees. Let me tell you the story of two whom I shall entertain to-day. They were rich people. One is a girl of eighteen. She and her mother and her sister were living in a beautiful house in Lille, when they were suddenly told that the Germans were within five miles. Seizing her violin—so like a girl; it was her one treasure she could not leave behind—with nothing but the clothes she was wearing, she fled with her mother and sister away, away, anywhere from the Germans. They were fed with apples they received from some soldiers, and finally they arrived in England. Their house was reduced to ruins within a very few hours. Here they are in England. We have got a beautiful home for

## National Honour

one girl at a lovely English vicarage, where she has received true home love as one of the members of the family. The mother has to be somewhere else; and the other daughter has obtained a situation at a distance. I have asked the one daughter to meet her mother at luncheon. They are reduced from riches to absolute poverty, and are living upon the charity and kindness of strangers. May I, in going back from the Guildhall, tell that girl, in the best French I can find—which is not very good—that we are never going to rest in this war—our national honour compels us to go on—until she is back in her home, rebuilt with German money, and that every Englishman in the world will die before any German soldier shall touch her?

And what of Russia—Russia which I must say I really love? No happier weeks in my life have I ever spent than those weeks in Russia—Russia, with its dark pine forests, its deeply religious peasantry, and its marvellous bass voices, which make the singing in Russian cathedrals a joy of the world; Russia, whose peasants you meet in thousands in Palestine,

## National Honour

having paid their all for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. What shall we tell Russia, as she looks again across the sea to us? Why, this, that we will so behave during the Day of God that when the war comes to an end she shall not be ashamed of her Western ally, the little island hidden away in the Northern Sea.\*

This is, then, a Day of God. They only come from time to time, these Days of God, but they test nations and individuals to the centre and core of their being.

“Gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.”

And on this Day of God may we not only fight in the cause of honour, but fight with honour! Our shield must have no blot on the scutcheon, our spear must be clean and our sword bright. There must be no more opium wars in England’s history. We spoke yesterday of freedom from the drink traffic, of freedom from the lust mania, and we must

\* I strongly recommend all to read Bishop Bury’s book, “Russian Life To-day” (Mowbray).

## National Honour

stand in the liberty with which CHRIST shall make us free. But we must never again in national history give people an excuse for saying: "First the missionary, then the trader, then the gunboat." We must never again give the excuse for that; we must ask for no material prizes for ourselves, in this war. Let us have by all means compensation for our losses, but let us keep our own cause bright; let us keep it pure and high; let there be, when GOD brings this day to an end, no demands for reprisals. If we keep our cause here high, and our honour bright, we shall find the blessed happiness of realising the motto which is written beneath Watts's picture of a knight, entitled "Aspiration":

"All may have, if they dare try,  
A glorious life or grave."

### III

#### NATIONAL FAITH

My first word must be one of welcome to the Third Battalion of the London Rifle Brigade. It is not doing badly, the old London Rifle Brigade. The first battalion is in the trenches, the second is in training at Hayward's Heath, and the third is with us in this Hall to-day.

I have spoken, you will remember, first of National Freedom, then of National Honour, and I have tried to show you—and I think you all agreed with me—that it was a tall order to ask the British Empire to become a German province. And I think I carried you with me when I proved to you that our national honour forced us to join in this war; that, sad as it was, and is, to see hundreds of young lives sacrificed, there is one thing worse than that—national dishonour; and that we should be more miserable to-day, far more miserable, if we were standing by with folded hands seeing

## National Faith

Belgium ravaged and the French coast harried, and doing nothing.

Now I am going to speak of National Faith. There is something lying behind all this. It is not only a question whether this home of freedom shall remain free, and whether the traditions of this Guildhall shall remain as they have been in the days that are gone. This is a great war between ideas, and I hope to prove to you before I have done that it is a great contest between Christian and non-Christian ideas. Now, what are the Christian ideas about war which are more or less professed—in fact, are professed—and to a great extent practised, by our nation? I am not posing or speaking as if we were a nation of complete saints; I wish we were. But I do say this, that there is inbred in the British nation certain Christian ideas.

I think you will agree with me that these are our ideas. First, that war is a regrettable necessity. We don't want war; we look on it as a thing which some day, we hope, may be done away with. We believe that God in His original designs made all



## National Faith

the nations of the earth to be of one blood; that He meant us to live on terms of brotherhood and amity with one another; and that when war does come it is a bad and dreadful necessity. That is our first belief.

Our second belief is that, when you do have to wage war, you are not to forget in it that you are a Christian and a gentleman; that there are certain Christian principles about waging war which are to be observed in war-time—as, for instance, you are to shield and guard women and children, who are not combatants in the war; when a man is wounded he becomes a non-combatant, your brother, and you are to shield and look after and minister to the wounded of the enemy as well as to your own wounded. Further, if mines are to be laid, they are only to be laid in certain areas, and not in the way of neutral shipping. The Hague Convention and all it lays down—and, mind you, The Hague Convention is itself the offspring and the outcome of Christianity—must be observed in all these matters; you must never fire on a white flag or use a white flag as a blind; and, above all,

## National Faith

you must never place your machine-guns inside an ambulance waggon with a red cross on it.

These are accepted principles of Christian warfare; and I would have you remember this, that there has not been one single accusation, even from the enemy, that our men have ever transgressed these Christian principles. I have, indeed, a touching story, which I am at liberty to tell you, from France. It was given me to-day. A French Sister of Charity, who has charge of a large number of girls close to where a battle is proceeding, brings them at night to the British trenches and places them under the protection of the British soldiers. Many Generals who have talked to me on the subject, especially one who commands the Division of which my Brigade is a part, have told me that it is positively touching to see the British soldier, after he has fought his hardest and has gained a trench, when the men opposed to him have surrendered, sitting by his old enemy and giving him a cigarette. This comes from an actual eye-witness, ■ General who has served all over the world.

## National Faith

But I go further. Our Christian principles carry us beyond this. We do not claim God to be the peculiar God of the British Empire. We know perfectly well that He is the God of the whole earth. And it never occurs to us, does it, to attempt to conquer Holland, or Belgium, or France, or Denmark? If some statesman proposed it, he would be ousted from office in a month; and not only so, but we should look upon any such conquest, or attempt at conquest, as an un-Christian thing. We are not the only people who have a right to "a place in the sun," and we know it.

Those, then, are Christian principles, and with all our faults they have governed, and do govern, the conduct of the British Empire. Now, I ask you to bear with me in what I am going to do. During the last two days I have hardly asked you to listen to a single quotation; but I am bound to ask you to listen to a few now, or otherwise you will not be able to follow the argument I address to you. We are in conflict to-day with a totally different set of ideas from our own. I know you are economical in the City, but you can, I feel sure, spare sixpence

## National Faith

even in war-time. Therefore I should advise you to spend that sum upon a most excellent book by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, called "The War: its Causes and Issues." It is the source from which I am going to make one or two quotations. The first is—

"What is this German philosophy, what are these ideas in Germany which produced the war? We may summarise the philosophy and enumerate the ideas under three heads—the sacred virtue of war, the non-existence of obligations conflicting with the material interest of the Fatherland, the God-given imperial mission of Germany to control the world. . . ."

"'The industry of Prussia,' said Voltaire in the middle of the eighteenth century, 'is war'; and under the compulsion of Prussia war is now the common industry of the whole German people. It is pursued with a passion of which we here have little notion. How many of us in this room have ever read a serious treatise on tactics or strategy?" Doubtless the officers of the London Rifle Brigade present here have done so; but the writer is thinking

## National Faith

of ordinary civilians. "But in Germany, where every citizen is a soldier, some seven hundred volumes on the military art are turned out every year from the printing-press. 'It is a business,' said Luther, 'divine in itself, and as needful and necessary in the world as eating and drinking, or any other work.'"

But now we come to this extraordinary brutality of method which is astonishing and scandalising the world:

"The advocates of this military ideal do not conceal from themselves the brutality of war. The more brutal the campaign, the speedier the victory. Thus, we must not expect the German army to exhibit fine scruples in the conduct of their military operations. . . . Whenever it may be judged expedient to strike terror into a civilian population, the German army will be commanded to perpetrate barbarities, and the German public will applaud them. . . . German barbarity"—and, mind you, this is one of the fairest historians in the world, Mr. Fisher, who is speaking—"is part of a system, recommended from the study table of the theorist, and practised out of a mis-

## National Faith

guided sense of military obligation. The most distinguished German writer on the military career of Napoleon defends the murder of prisoners, who had surrendered on the express condition that their lives were to be saved, on the ground that they would have been dangerous if released, and burdensome if retained. . . . On the same ground of exclusive devotion to the State, it is held to be a sacred duty to violate engagements with other countries, however solemnly and recently made. Nobody who has read German history, or had much conversation with Germans on public affairs, was surprised by the recent violation of the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium, seeing that ever since the days of Frederick the Great, who in the matter of political perfidy set a standard which it is difficult to match, the breaking of treaties in the interests of the State has been held by all Prussian historians to be a righteous and proper act."

Well, this sheds great light upon the "scrap of paper." But we go on to a further point:

"But the present political situation is unintelligible unless we take account of a third

## National Faith

factor in the political consciousness of Germany—the deep and prevalent belief in a great imperial destiny to be hereafter accomplished by the German people under the special guidance of God and of His appointed ministers of the Hohenzollern House. . . . What, then, remains for her to accomplish ? She is already in her own esteem the leader of European culture and knowledge, by far the strongest military Power on the Continent, and second only to England in her marine. But this is not sufficient. Germany aims at the leadership of the world. As General Bernhardi puts it with his splendid and brutal honesty, it is a case of World-power or Down-fall. It is this imperial ambition in Germany which has necessarily brought her publicists and statesmen to view Great Britain, not as a natural ally, but as a predestined foe.”

“ ‘Do not let us forget,’ said one of the writers, quoted by Mr. Fisher, ‘the civilising task which the decrees of Providence have assigned to us. Just as Prussia was destined to be the nucleus of Germany, so the regenerated Germany shall be the nucleus of a future

## National Faith

Empire of the West. And in order that no one shall be left in doubt, we proclaim from henceforth that our continental nation has a right to the sea, not only to the North Sea, but to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Hence we intend to absorb one after another all the provinces which neighbour on Prussia. We will successively annex Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Northern Switzerland, then Trieste and Venice, finally Northern France from the Sambre to the Loire. This programme we fearlessly pronounce. It is not the work of a madman. The empire we intend to found will be no Utopia. We have ready to our hands the means of founding it, and no coalition in the world can stop us.' ”

Gentlemen of the London Rifle Brigade, we look to you to stop it !

Really, if an individual wrote like that, you would hardly consider it necessary to answer him: you would ask to have him put into a strait-waistcoat as a madman. But it becomes a most tremendous danger to the world when a huge nation which has gone up from forty millions to sixty-seven millions in a few



## National Faith

years announces that as its future programme. I do not think at this moment that the whole British nation has realised the enormous danger these doctrines portend to us and to the world. We have not fully realised that the idea of a Pan-German Empire throughout the world is an appalling danger.

But you say: "Yes, it means swollen-headedness, but you have not proved to us yet that that is altogether anti-Christian. Even a Christian man may have a swollen head!" Well, then, we will go a little further. And do let me remind you—I have said it every time I have spoken in church and elsewhere on the war—that I make no indictment against the ordinary German people, who have been imbued with this spirit and with these ideas by the writers whom I am going to quote. We believe that when Prussian militarism has been annihilated the German people will learn to bless those whom they now curse. We shall be liberating the hard-working, industrious people of Germany from a cursed tyranny which is oppressing them, and seeking to oppress the whole world.

## National Faith

Can you bear to hear a word or two from Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi? We will first of all take Nietzsche. What does he say about CHRIST's teaching? "Christian altruism is the mob-egotism of the weak. And Paul, the impostor, pandered to the instincts of slave morality in those paltry people when he said: 'Not many wise, not many mighty, are called. But GOD hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.'" "Let the little schoolgirl say: To be good is sweet and touching. Ye say, a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: A good war halloweth every cause. War and courage have done greater things than 'Love your neighbour.'"

Turn to Treitschke. He says: "It is ridiculous to advise a State which is in competition with other States to start by taking the Catechism into its hands!"

Germany certainly has not taken into its hands the Catechism which you or I were taught!

Then we go a little further, and we come to what Professor Cramb says about the ideals

## National Faith

which have sprung up in Germany, and have captured the ruling class. His book is one of the most enlightening ones I have ever read. He asks: "What definitely is to be Germany's part in the future of human thought? Germany answers: 'It is reserved for us to resume in thought the creative rôle in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. Judea and Galilee cast their dreary spell over Greece and Rome when Greece and Rome were already sinking into decrepitude and the creative power in them was exhausted, when weariness and bitterness wakened with their greatest spirits at day, and sank to sleep again with them at night. But Judea and Galilee struck Germany in the splendour and heroism of her prime. Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made the fatal error of adopting Christianity. . . .'" Professor Cramb sums up the teaching he has studied with much care as follows :

"Ye have heard how in old times it was said, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; but I say unto you, Blessed are the

## National Faith

valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne. Ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say unto you, Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jehovah, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jehovah."

If that is not a denial of the Christian faith, I do not know what words mean. I turn now from Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardi to a passage in *The Times*, in which you will see a result of this teaching. Can you be surprised at it? An account is given by an independent eye-witness, a Dutchman, of what took place at Dinant. It precisely tallies with what two eye-witnesses have told me, too. He states that, "after the French evacuated the citadel, the Germans, on entering the town, took one hundred and fifty-three burghers, intending to shoot them. During the next four days they killed in the town of Dinant, and in the villages round, over eight hundred citizens, including many women and children, on the pretext that the civil population had fired on them." Describing the slaughter in Parade Square, the narrator says that "the women

## National Faith

were separated from the men, the latter being placed on one side of the little square, and the women and children on the other. The firing-party placed between them was ordered to fire. After a scene of heartrending agony, during which the women and children knelt before the officer, one hundred and fifty-three victims fell, writhing in a welter of blood." (This is not war, this is murder.) "Two men who fell unhurt, and four others who were only slightly wounded, pretended to be dead. The officer said: 'Those able to rise must stand, as the soldiers will not fire again.' The six men mentioned immediately rose. The officer ordered another volley, and the men fell. The officer then ordered the machine-gunners to fire for some time on the bodies. The women and children were present all this time, and were rendered distracted by grief and terror. The officer was unmoved, and said in bad French, 'Mesdames, I have done my duty.' "

I did not tell you this to harrow your feelings; but this is precisely what this Dutch narrator says happened in Dinant. I do not put on the

## National Faith

whole of the German people the crime of the man who gave that order or who carried it out. But it illustrates the fact that the war is a conflict between Christian ideas which have certainly up to a point penetrated and animated the British Empire, and a people who, for the time at least, are animated and dominated by pagan and unchristian ideas.

Therefore, on this great Day of God I call on you, both those at home and those who go abroad, to fight this great battle of God in God's power and spirit.

We had, my brothers of the London Rifle Brigade, before your comrades went to battle, one hundred and thirty at Communion every Sunday at seven o'clock in the morning; and fifty-two were confirmed before they went out. We had all through the summer most delightful Church Parade Services, and they write to me from the front to say that they have not forgotten the old services at home, and they wish they could have them where they are now. They tell me there are few of them who do not put up prayers in the trenches.

What I believe myself is that we are fighting

## National Faith

during these days the battle of GOD. We must make full use of such days. On the sixteenth of December\* there will be held at St. Paul's an Intercession Service lasting twenty - four hours, all day and all night, from eight o'clock to eight o'clock. Come and join in that, my dear brothers; come and join in prayer to call down the power of GOD on us in this great battle. I ask you who come to remember that, if you are to fight CHRIST's battle, it must be fought with CHRIST's weapons and in communion with Him. It is a great call to come nearer to the CHRIST whose ideas we profess and whose example we try to follow; for if the nation faces this Day of GOD in the right spirit I fully believe that when it has lightened and thundered to its close, "at eventide there shall be light."

\* 1914.





II  
TO CLERGY AT QUIET DAYS  
(A) THE GREAT TREASURE



# I

## THE TREASURE COMMITTED TO OUR CHARGE

I AM going to ask you to take for your meditation the exhortation that was addressed to us clergy by the Bishop when we were ordained priests. Every one of us at the most solemn time of his life heard this address. I am going to read the first part of it now, and follow on with the rest of it later.

“ You have heard, Brethren, as well in your private examination, as in the exhortation which was now made to you, and in the holy Lessons taken out of the Gospel, and the writings of the Apostles, of what dignity, and of how great importance, this Office is, whereunto ye are called. And now again we exhort you, in the Name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, that you have in remembrance, into how high a Dignity, and to how weighty an Office and Charge ye are called: that is to say, to be Messengers, Watchmen, and Stewards of the

## The Treasure in our Charge

LORD; to teach, and to premonish, to feed and provide for the LORD's family; to seek for CHRIST's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through CHRIST for ever."

Here we come to the words on which I wish you to fix your minds to-day:

"Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance, *how great a treasure is committed to your charge*. For they are the sheep of CHRIST, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and Congregation whom you must serve is His Spouse, and His Body."

(I) We will stop there: "Have always printed in your remembrance, how great a treasure is committed to your charge."

We have had before us a picture of the glorified LORD, the hairs of His head white like wool, as white as snow, and His eyes as a flame of fire. At the very beginning of this morning's service, we asked that the HOLY SPIRIT would take of CHRIST and show Him to us, so that we might have CHRIST Himself present with

## The Treasure in our Charge

us, with His eyes like a flame of fire searching us through and through, but still with eyes of love; notwithstanding all our infirmities, faults, and shortcomings, still loving us, still believing we are capable of becoming good and faithful priests, whatever our past may be, still able to give us life—for “He that hath the Son hath the life”—still full of undying zeal, caring for every one of our people with an everlasting love, and with hope that never fails. That is what we thought of this morning. I do hope we came to our Communion very humbly, simply asking that we might receive within ourselves His insight, His love, His hope, His vitality, and His zeal. That is why I asked you all to come here in the morning, that we might receive these things together.

Now we have to think over how great a treasure is committed to our charge. (1) And let us begin with *the men*, the men of the parish. As you probably know, in the summer of 1914 I spent two months in camp with the men of one of the London brigades of Territorials, and I have been more and more impressed, dear brothers, with the fact of how great a

## The Treasure in our Charge

treasure is committed to our charge in these men of the Anglo-Saxon race placed under our care.

What we hear already of our men across the water, does it not fill us with pride as to the way in which they behave ? Remember these ordinary soldiers are not specially educated. They are not the kind of men we should expect to look to to be leading men in our parishes, not the kind of men we should expect to see regularly in church. Many of them are men who never go into church at all. Yet what splendid heroes they are showing themselves to be ! See with what majesty these British soldiers are fighting ! Look at these men undergoing the greatest hardships. I hear constantly from the front. Some of them never change their boots for three weeks, and they only have one hour's sleep in four days. Thirty thousand wounded have already passed through Boulogne alone, and yet they go on through all that day after day, hour after hour, with the most astonishing cheerfulness and courage, and a never-failing sense of humour.

And, then, it is not only their courage that

## The Treasure in our Charge

calls for our admiration. How extraordinarily chivalrous they are to the women and children! Think of that story—a horrible one from the point of view of the other side; I hope and pray that all these atrocities are not true, but this story was told in *The Times* by a young officer. He wrote to the son of one of the clergy whom I know well, as follows: “There is a young girl naked in my trench. She has been wronged by a German soldier. I have given her my shirt and all I can. I saw another poor girl last night having her breasts cut off by a Uhlan officer. I dropped him at seven hundred yards. She is in my trench now, but I am afraid she will die.” What a contrast does the conduct of this German present to the splendid chivalry of our young knights! We are proud that not a single accusation has been made against one of our soldiers of having disgraced himself with regard to the women in the country through which he has passed.

Then, how very touching it is to hear the French verdict upon the man they call “Tom-mee”! They have never seen him before, he

## The Treasure in our Charge

is a perfectly new phenomenon; and what they say of him is that, when he is wounded, he calls first for a pastor (probably he says "parson"), and then he asks for a clean shave. That is to say, his instinctive desire is to be clean body and soul.

Now, when you think that these are the men of whom some of us have despaired in our parishes, whom we have been inclined to set down as godless or pagan, may we not ask ourselves whether we have taken sufficient trouble over these treasures committed to our care? In the main we have given them up, yet they are the most precious of CHRIST's treasures. Why is it that we have failed with them? On a day like this may not each one see CHRIST with eyes like a flame of fire looking us through and through, and ask himself: "Have I allowed my off-handedness or self-consciousness or silly mannerism to put them off?" That is the sort of question you have to ask yourselves on a day like this. I have come to ask a few questions about your work and about my own also. We are here to judge ourselves and to be judged. I want every one to ask



## The Treasure in our Charge

himself whether through some jealousy or carelessness or sloth, or other fault, he has lost these men committed to his charge.

Or take a higher class—I mean a higher class as far as education is concerned, a more educated class. That is the class that form the Territorials. These men are, of course, those with whom I spent the two months in the summer day by day. England has not yet realised the great sacrifices made by the Territorials for their country. There is one who was making his two thousand pounds a year quite easily in his business. When the call came he had to send all his clerks away, close down his office, and live in the camp on his pay. But he did so at once, quite calmly and quietly, saying nothing about it. They get little recognition of what they are doing from the country. They never talk about it. And these are the men who have been before your eyes in your parishes, again I say, treasures committed to your care. I see them before me, quite cheerfully undertaking the roughest duties. I see a solicitor cleaning knives, the stroke of a Trial Eight emptying slops, a fag-master at

## The Treasure in our Charge

Eton being ordered about by his fag. I saw these men turning to God as they faced what is now the greatest ordeal of their lives; for these very men are now in the front in the battle-line. I saw how, beneath much shyness and a good deal of past neglect, there was a deep longing for God, and belief in Him. They took the deepest interest in all the sermons which I preached to them Sunday by Sunday. Numbers of them were prepared for Confirmation—we had one hundred and twenty of them at the early celebration of the Holy Communion every Sunday. And I saw in this camp of five thousand men, not only what good fellows they were, but how much religion there was in them to be drawn out. They were certainly not pagans, though they may have been partly lost to the Church through want of tact and lack of the right sort of work. There they were, a typical class of educated men, mostly of the clerk class, and I must say I wondered what we shall say when we have to give account of the treasure committed to our care in that class of men who form the Territorials. I want each of you to ask him-

## The Treasure in our Charge

self before we leave the subject of the men: "Have I written myself down as a man who cannot get on with men—one who has given up the men and devoted himself to children and women? Is there anything in me that puts the men off? Am I unmanly in any detail of my life? Is there anything in my life or character which instinctively plants mistrust of me in the minds of the men of my parish? Might I not do more to put aside the feeling of self-consciousness and be a man among men, a man of God amongst them?

(2) And then I pass from the men to the *boys*. Remember what they will think of you in five years' time, these boys of the Church Lads' Brigade, and choir-boys, and ask yourself, not whether you are popular with them, but whether you are winning their lasting respect. Guard carefully the treasure committed to your care in the boys of your parish. Properly treated, they will be the best friends you can have in your life.

(3) And then we must think of their *mothers*. There is something very touching in the mothers' trust in the clergy and their expect-

## The Treasure in our Charge

tations regarding a new Vicar or curate. Perhaps they have been unable to talk very much about their own doubts and difficulties to the late Vicar. "There is a chance now, I hope, that this new man will be able to help me. I hope he will have an influence over my husband, who never goes inside a church. That might do wonders for our home. I hope he will get Tom and Dick to be confirmed. I want them to be, but they will not listen to me." How much we owe to the mothers of England I know well, for I speak from experience when I say: "No friendships really are more helpful to us than the friendship of some mother in Israel." I think one of the best influences over my life was the mother of a pupil whom I coached just after leaving Oxford. Her influence over me as a young man was very great. She talked to me about my soul, about religious things, in a way to which I had not been accustomed. If you look round your own parish, are there not older women there, quite fit to exercise a wonderful influence, especially upon the boys and girls of the congregation? What a wonderful treasure these mothers will prove

## The Treasure in our Charge

to you if you do not disappoint them! Passing to another class, we find that your close permanent mothers have a great deal to bear. The mothers I am speaking of belong to a different class from those likely to be your close personal friends, the better educated women of the parish. I am thinking of the very poor mothers. What a hard time they have, those mothers, for instance, in East London! They have the hardest time of all. They are expected to have dinner ready whether there is any money coming in or not. Every difficulty is referred to the mother, such as getting the children up in the morning and sending them off to school. I do hope that none of you are apt to despise the mothers of the parish mothers' meeting, or to look upon the meeting as a kind of joke. They are certainly treasures committed to your care.

(4) Then with the mothers we must think of the *girls*. What we must remember is that at the bottom of every girl's mind there is always an ideal—the ideal of a stainless knight and gentleman, an ideal of a faithful priest who will not fail her. We are the people who

## The Treasure in our Charge

should answer to that ideal. But we must not mix up flirtation with spiritual advice. If we bring the antiseptic atmosphere of prayer into our work, there is no danger of anything occurring which will lower the tone of our dealing with them. There is no reason why the youngest or the oldest priest here should not inspire in the girls of his parish that feeling which is expressed in Browning's words:

“Through such souls alone,  
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light,  
For us in the dark to rise by. And I rise.”

This is what Pompilia says, in “The Ring and the Book,” of the priest who saved her. What a splendid thing for the girls of the parish to say about you in your ministry among them!

(5) And then, of course, there are the *children*. What a treasure they are! How they cheer many a poor lonely man who would be too tired to go on if it were not for the children!

“Not in entire forgetfulness . . .  
But trailing clouds of glory do they come  
From God Who is our home.”

## The Treasure in our Charge

And as they come, with their merry laughter and happy view of life, into the drab, monotonous parish, what do they expect us to give them? Not long faces and dreary discourses, but a welcome to their young hearts from a child heart. A man can be a child to the end of his days. Men like Bishop King were children to the end—bright, cheerful, understanding children to the last day of their life. We must never write ourselves down as “No good with children,” or hand them over to someone else. Naturally, in dividing the work of the parish, some curate, perhaps, will have the children or Sunday-School; but all of us have to answer for the child. And, remember, there is nothing wants more care than children’s work, nothing needs more preparation than the children’s sermon and lesson; they will only follow a man who knows his own way. Anyone who takes no trouble to prepare his sermon for a children’s service will lose the children. They cannot follow a leader if he does not lead. That is why I am so anxious that all of you shall respond to the efforts of the expert teachers who are now, especially in the Diocese

## The Treasure in our Charge

of London, revivifying the work of our Sunday-Schools. We ought to be impatient of the old-fashioned Sunday-School, with old books, worn-out apparatus, and everything out of date. Every day-school in the land is up to date. It has the best apparatus, and the best books, and everything is taught in it with the greatest care. Why have our Church Sunday-Schools lagged behind? It is to bring those schools lagging behind up to date that we have established a central body of experts to teach us how to teach to see that there will be in our Sunday-Schools the latest books and apparatus, so that the children may respect the Sunday-School, and not despise it. The Sunday-School of to-day is fifty years behind the day-school.

Therefore do let us look upon it as a matter of conscience that these children committed to our care shall have the best that the Church can give them. Every school in the diocese can have the best now. Pray for the children. Remember how quickly they grow up to be men or women. See that those under your care shall have the most loving treatment, the truest and most disinterested love, and also



## The Treasure in our Charge

the best education in the fullest sense that you can possibly give them.

(6) And then we come to still another treasure, the *old people*. The grandfather in the chimney-corner who is living with his married daughter, or the old people in the workhouse, are sometime left out. We do not despise them, but we do not honour them as we might do. They are going up to headquarters very soon, and will report how the subaltern is behaving in the parish. They have had a long toil. Bishop Phillips Brooks says:

“God holds the infant like a mother; builds a wall round the strong man, as he fights the noonday battle of his life, and lays the bridge of sunset over which the old man’s feet shall walk serenely into the eternal day.”

And Browning says:

“Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be—  
The last of life for which the first was planned;  
God says: ‘A whole I planned.’  
Truth shows but half—Trust God, nor be afraid.”

Let us show that we honour old age. Dear Lord Roberts—what a splendid man he was!

## The Treasure in our Charge

what a stainless, selfless gentleman! No record will ever leap to life of which he would be ashamed. Even in private conversation among his own friends, whom he knew so well, never did he say, "I told you so!" about a nation who disregarded all his warnings. He just served the nation quietly to the end.

(7) Then there are *the sick*. What teachers they are! I have long felt what an extraordinary school our sick-rooms are. How regular in our visits, how punctual, how careful we should be in our lessons to them! How we should try to lead the sick on from point to point! It is well on a Quiet Day like this to think about our sick, to meditate how we can make them realise that they are CHRIST's special bodyguard. I want to deal another time with the whole subject of the suffering of the world. Sometimes it becomes almost a nightmare. One wife said to me last week: "I can stand my husband dying, if he must die; but what I cannot stand is seeing him in agony—the agony of cancer, which nothing can relieve."

What a treasure do these sick people repre-

## The Treasure in our Charge

sent! What an account we must give for them! What a holy link with them is that last Communion! Are we hopeful enough in our prayers with them? We are often, I fear, not hopeful enough, and it is here that the existence of Christian Science gives us a warning. We are not to go to a sick man as to one who is lying down to die. We ought to be more hopeful in the sick-room, and pray for health. But when death does come, then how beautiful that last Communion is, when, as Keble says, "We parted—they to CHRIST's embrace, we to the toilsome world again." Let us resolve to grudge no toil or trouble in caring for the sick committed to our charge.

You see, then, that we have indeed a treasure, when we think over one by one—the men, the women, the boys, the girls, the old people, and the sick.

(ii.) But now we must once more read what is said in the address from which I have already quoted. We have not fathomed its value if we look at it simply as our treasure. There are two expressions which carry the whole thought much further. "They are the

## The Treasure in our Charge

sheep of CHRIST, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood.” They are not *our* treasure: they are committed to our care by Someone who bought them by His death, and shed His blood for them.

It is not enough, therefore, to be popular in the parish. It seems to me sometimes that some of us think it quite enough if we are popular. But we may be liked, and yet be failures. We have got to win our people’s souls, not their hearts. No doubt winning the love of his people helps a man in his parish. But he is not to be content with the winning of their hearts. His great aim must be to win them to the LORD who bought them. And this carries us to the question of Direction. As Canon Body says in his “Guided Life,” the whole object of good direction is, not to make people depend on us, but to detach them from ourselves, and get them to be personally guided by JESUS CHRIST Himself. Therefore remember always that this treasure is not our own—it has been bought with a price. We are stewards of it, and it is required of a steward that a man

## The Treasure in our Charge

be found faithful. It is something that belongs to JESUS CHRIST.

(iii.) But even more than this the Preface goes on to say: "The Congregation whom you must serve is His Spouse and His Body." The treasure deepens in value. It is part of Himself! When a man has his foot trodden on, he says: "You trod on me." And if the poorest in our parish is hurt or neglected, you hurt CHRIST; you tread on Him, because they are part of His body. That gives a special value to all our people! It is CHRIST Himself we visit. It is CHRIST Himself we refresh or fail to refresh. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

So let us in the quiet time we shall now have meditate upon this great treasure which is committed to our care. It is one of the great interests of our life to see what further treasure we may come across. We go forth day after day, and nothing special happens, and then in a flash something of immense value comes to light—just as, I remember, in the desert, some two hundred miles from Khar-

## The Treasure in our Charge

toum, when an exploration party was at work searching for treasures of antiquity buried in the sand, after digging for many days and finding nothing, suddenly a priceless treasure was unearthed—a head of Augustus. We never know as we plough our way through the sands of daily life on what treasure we may come.

But we shall not find treasure in our parishes if we do not go on day after day digging, in the hope of unearthing perhaps a priceless treasure.

And then when we have found it, we have to ask ourselves, What are we going to do with it? When the LORD gave the five talents, the two talents, the one talent, to the servants, He did not expect merely to receive His own gift back. He expected to receive five more, two more, one more, from each servant. So we must remember that we are to make the most of our treasure here. We will pray to Him that we may so make the most of it that we may hear our LORD say at last: “Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy LORD.”

## II

### OUR LORD'S CARE FOR HIS TREASURE.

LET us look together at the ideal set before us by the Church as that at which we must aim.

“Wherefore consider with yourselves the end of your Ministry towards the children of God, towards the Spouse and Body of CHRIST; and see that you never cease your labour, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your charge, unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to the ripeness and perfectness of age in CHRIST, that there be no place left among you, either for error in religion, or for viciousness in life.”

Think of the tremendous ideal this implies. There shall be “no place left among us either for error in religion, or for viciousness

## Our Lord's Ideal

in life." We think of the hundred and one heresies and opinions that abound in London, and "the viciousness of life" which may exist in Piccadilly and Regent Street, or Holborn and Finsbury, and recall what it means to have no room left for either. I want you, then, to *first note* with me our LORD's ideal and His artist's joy in it, and then in detail watch Him at work in carrying it out.

I. First of all, what was His ideal? "Of those whom Thou hast given Me have I lost none, save only the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." That is His ideal. Then there must be no place in the parish for error in religion or viciousness of life. There is, of course, a lower ideal, that spoken of in one passage by St. Paul, who said he hoped by all means to *save some*. He said he was all things to all men, that he might save some. But our LORD's is much the higher ideal. "Of those whom Thou hast given Me I have lost *nothing*." It is the great ideal. Have we got that ideal?

And then have we got the true artist's joy in our work? We shall see in a moment in



## Our Lord's Ideal

detail how our LORD looked after His treasure. Supposing we have discovered our treasure and more or less realised its value, are we displaying an artist's skill and joy in working it up?

You will remember Michelangelo said: "There is an angel in that marble; it is my business to get it out." And when you watch a great sculptor at work evolving his angel, you know what an extraordinary faith he has in his ideal, and what a hope and love he has for his work in all its details.

We have to ask ourselves whether we have lost the artist's care and skill in these various ways. There *are* angels in our people, if we will only try to bring them out. But there are different kinds of angels, as there are different kinds of marble. Have we then an artist's knowledge of our people? Do we know them one from another as the artist knows his one grain of marble from another? Have we faith in what they may become? That boy may convert the whole of Central Africa, for all we know. Have we hope in him? Does he feel that we have hope in him? It is extraordinary what an effect it

## Our Lord's Ideal

has on a boy or a man if they know that we have hope in him. You remember the story of Little Lord Fauntleroy. The little boy believed in his old grandfather, who was arbitrary and selfish. He believed that the old man was kind and generous. The little boy kept telling him: "How everyone must love you, grandfather!" At length the old man could not stand it, and became what his grandson believed him to be. Have we failed to have hope in our people and to trust them? We may be perfectly certain that, if a boy feels and knows that his Vicar believes in him, it will make a great difference to him. There is a foolish story of a man falling in love with a statue he had made. We can fall in love in a true way with the statues *we* are carving, for we *must* love our people. It was pointed out by the Bishop of Stepney, in one of his addresses to our ordination candidates a little while ago, that "you do not want any further explanation of a man's failure in his parish than this one, that he has ceased to love his people." This is the long and short of it; we are perfectly useless the moment we

## Our Lord's Ideal

cease to love our people; we had better go away. Only love can possibly do any good, and it must be the purest and most disinterested love. Thus we must work on with all the accuracy of an artist, careful about little things: gradually learning the characters of our people, careful in our manner towards them; very careful not to put off an interview with a man who wants to see us, and so give him the impression that he is not wanted; careful not to be ill-tempered, impatient, overbearing. We must emulate the accuracy in detail of a great artist who has a great work to do. It is a great thing to carve a beautiful statue that will be in a gallery for many years, perhaps; but it is a far greater thing to carve and mould works of art that will live in the eternal heavenly temple for ever. That is our work.

II Therefore I want you to watch CHRIST, and see how He speaks of His own treasure in the seventeenth chapter of St. John. Do not dismiss that chapter as written too long after the event to be of any real value. I find, in going round the diocese, that a good many

## Our Lord's Ideal

men have received harm from their reading. They have soaked themselves in critical literature. Several of them have said to me—I have had lately many private interviews and informal talks all round the diocese—"My reading has whittled down my faith. The joy has gone out of my work, the charm has gone, the power has gone." They have read so many books of a certain kind that they have lost their old belief in the Incarnation. And if we lose our belief in the Incarnation, where are we? Therefore you should read Dr. Swete's book on this Last Discourse. Dr. Swete is one of the greatest scholars in Europe. In reading his books you hardly realise how great a scholar he is; they are so devotional, and so simple. You will be reassured by hearing one of the greatest scholars of the day assert that in this last discourse we are listening as literally as it is possible to do to the actual words of JESUS CHRIST. We can hear in it the beating of His pastoral heart. We are watching the pastoral heart of CHRIST disclosed to us in His last prayer.

I have put down seven things for our con-

## Our Lord's Ideal

sideration now. I always think that for meditation it is a good thing to take point by point, and so I have put down seven things which our LORD says about His treasure. (1) The first is: "I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world." Now, that is a most deep saying. "Thy name"—that is, the character of GOD. Nothing about being popular with the people, nothing about trying to win any gratitude for Himself: "I have manifested Thy name, righteous FATHER, Thy name to the people." I cannot imagine a more searching test than this for our work: Have I manifested GOD's name to the people committed to my care? In other words, do they believe in GOD more through my ministry?

Some of them think of GOD as a Being too far off to have any concern in the affairs of His children. Others would say: "Either He cannot stop all this suffering or He will not." In either case He is not a GOD who appeals to their devotion. Well, I say the real test of whether our ministry is being a success in the highest sense is whether you have manifested

## Our Lord's Ideal

GOD's name to your people, and whether I can say: "I have manifested GOD's name to my diocese"—whether our people believe in GOD's character and trust Him more because of our work. That is the real test—nothing about ourselves at all. "Hallowed be Thy name"—that is the first petition of the LORD's Prayer. You have to ask yourself: "Do people trust GOD more because of me? do they believe more in GOD because I have been their Vicar for so many years?"

(2) Then comes the second test. Our LORD says: "The words Thou hast given Me I have given them." What I wonder is, whether all the words we have been giving our people have really been given us by GOD. The failure of that clever sermon is often due to the fact that we have given our people our own words, and do not wait for words from GOD to give them. We have not, perhaps, waited for answers to our prayers. We talk to Him; we chatter to Him as children chatter, but we never stay to listen to what He has to say to us. It is the ten minutes after prayer that really matters—ten minutes

## Our Lord's Ideal

of listening for the answer. That is why meditation is so essential to the Christian life. I remember a passage by Mr. Longridge in his paper on Meditation. The writer points out that people often are stopped from meditation by imagining it to be a long, complicated process. They imagine that no one but a very learned man could possibly undertake it. He points out that meditation is the simplest thing in the world. It is just quietly talking to God and waiting for His message.

He tells a story of a man who was observed to spend a long time in church, apparently doing nothing. Someone said to him: "What do you find to say all this long time?" He replied: "I do not say anything. I simply look at God, and He looks at me." I look at Him, and He looks at me! That is all. In other words, the man who meditates is listening for the answer of God, listening for some message. He is saying, "I will hearken what the LORD GOD will say concerning me." "To-day in this quiet time, speak, LORD, for Thy servant heareth."

## Our Lord's Ideal

Therefore we cannot train ourselves too much to be always waiting for the message of God to come to us. Of course, every one of us prays—and must have often prayed—for the HOLY SPIRIT to give us what we shall say. We are bound to pray for that, and we are bound to pray before we go visiting, that we may know what to say and what we are to do. I am pleading now for a quiet time which will never be disturbed—in the early morning. Quite apart from services in Church, we ought all to have an undisturbed quiet half-hour partly for meditation, partly for devotional reading, alone with God, to hear what He has to say. Unless we have some quiet time, we shall not hear His message to us.

(3) Then our LORD goes on to say: “I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given Me.” “Those whom Thou hast given Me out of the world.” I do not think He meant that He did not pray for the world. He came to pray for the world and to save it. He meant, I think, that He prayed especially for that inner circle, whom He had called out of the world, because through them He was



## Our Lord's Ideal

to convert the world. As Canon Scott Holland points out, our LORD did not try to see how *many* He could call in the course of His life, or preach to, but He spent a long time in taking a few through a course of full and intimate teaching, and He said: "On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And, therefore, we must not hope to convert huge parishes of ten thousand people at once, but we must take infinite pains in first calling out and educating a few. The more care and difficulty we have to take in doing a thing, the more reason shall we have to rejoice over it. "On this rock," you will say, "I will build the Christian Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I am going to take special trouble with these few, not to the exclusion of others, but with a view to eventually reach all."

Why is it so vital that intercession should be a part of our regular life? It clearly must be if we really take in the teaching of those wonderful passages in the Old Testament. Look at the promise to Abraham: "If there are fifty righteous in the city, I will not destroy

## Our Lord's Ideal

it"—if there are forty, if there are thirty, if there are twenty, if there are only ten, "I will not destroy it for ten's sake." Or look at Moses holding up his hand—how touching that picture is to us now!—Moses holding up his hand above the battle and having more influence than Joshua fighting. Again, consider Aaron running in between the living and the dead. "Ye are kings and priests to God"—kings and priests, the significance of which dear old Andrew Murray, an old Presbyterian, draws out in "With Christ in the School of Prayer"—a most delightful book. Intercession is part of our regular ministry, part of our *work*. We shall not have begun to do our duty unless we have arranged at regular times and seasons to plead for our people, and unless we ask them to plead for us. Of all things, intercession must be regarded as an essential part of the life of a priest. It is perfectly certain that we never shall love our people, never make progress in our work, and particularly never make progress with individuals, unless we are intercessors for others as our LORD intercedes for us all.

## Our Lord's Ideal

(4) And our LORD not only intercedes for His treasure. "For their sakes I sanctify Myself"—every one of these sayings is a real inspiration to our work. "For their sakes I sanctify Myself." "I dedicate myself." I wonder whether we all realise how much everything which the head of the parish does affects the people. Are *we* slothful or idle?—so are the church workers as a rule. Some workers there are who marvellously keep things going in "dead" parishes, but practically the tone of the parish is set by the head of it, and by the other priests who minister it. Are we irreverent in church? Is there any scandal or gossip at the centre? If so, the whole parish seems to be affected by it. And that is why St. Paul says to Timothy: "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine," putting 'thyself' first. These Quiet Days ought to affect the whole diocese. If a man says: "For their sakes I will sanctify myself; to-day I will look into my life; I will correct my faults, I will bring every thought into captivity to CHRIST; I will go back to be ten times as devoted a priest as I was"—if every man says that with all sincerity, it will have an

## Our Lord's Ideal

effect upon the whole diocese. I do ask all my dear brothers to remember this additional motive for sanctification. "*For their sakes* I sanctify myself." You cannot take too much trouble about your personal life. Prepare for your own Communions by being alone with God after a strict self-examination, and such self-discipline and devotion will affect the whole parish.

(5) And then take another of these petitions in our LORD's last prayer. "As Thou, FATHER, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they may be also one in Us"—in other words, He prays for what Dr. Robinson calls the *corporate witness* of the Church. Dr. Robinson insists that we leave out too often the corporate witness of the Church; we lay too exclusive emphasis upon individual sanctification. What we have forgotten is that the Church is to give a corporate witness to God. At one of the great services which follow these Quiet Days I preached a sermon which you will find in "The Eyes of Flame,"\* upon a particular passage,

\* "The Eyes of Flame" (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd.), p. III.

## Our Lord's Ideal

and it was this: "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known *through the Church* the many-coloured wisdom of God." The principalities and powers were to learn *through the Church* as through a looking-glass, or speculum, the many-coloured wisdom of God. How often the principalities and powers must have been disappointed as they have gazed down to look for the reflection of faithfulness and devotion in the Church as in a looking-glass! We must try to disappoint them as little as we can.

I ask you whether you are showing a corporate witness. Are people saying of the parishes of your deanery: "How diligent they are! how charitable to people of different ideas! how earnestly they all try to understand one another! What a united Church it is here! how devoted! It is easy to see that the wisdom of God is in it, the justice of God is in it, the mercy of God is in it." That is what principalities and powers in heavenly places are supposed to see, and what the outside world is supposed to see, a cor-

## Our Lord's Ideal

porate witness—not an isolated individual witness, but a corporate witness of the Church in this deanery. Or has the young priest who has come to one of the parishes had to say, as one said the other day: “I have been here a year, and not one of my fellow-clergy in the deanery has called upon me, or taken the slightest interest in me, except the Rural Dean”? That sort of thing is not right; the Church is not thus showing itself as a true brotherhood.

Let us pray for a united Christian Church throughout the whole world. I cannot help thinking that this war may be overruled in this respect for good. For instance, we may get to understand better the Russian Church, which only wants more of the missionary spirit to make it one of the greatest Churches in the world. I had a long conversation with the three Archbishops of Russia on this lack of missionary spirit. And, moreover, it is possible that we may, as a result of the war, have a better understanding with, and may learn from, the French Church, not giving up for a moment what we specially stand for in the

## Our Lord's Ideal

Church of England; but we must not be content to think of Christendom always as a collection of fragments. We must pray that one day all may be reunited again. Bishop Lightfoot said that the Church of England holds the historic Orders in the one hand and the open Bible in the other. We may hope that the whole Church may some day be reunited upon the basis of the open Bible and the historic Orders.

(6) We have time for two more secrets of successful work: "That they may behold My glory"—that was His prayer for His treasure—"That they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundations of the world." He did not want to have any private glory. He wished to share the inmost glory with His loved ones. I believe we have often failed because we have never yet really admitted the people into our inmost lives. We have allowed a kind of caste feeling to grow up in the English Church, which is a very subtle fault. We do not let the people come into our inmost heart, the inmost shrine where we are ; we are apt to leave

## Our Lord's Ideal

them standing on the doorstep, so to speak. There must be some reason why, with all our efforts and devotion, we do not get, as a Church, thoroughly in touch with the mass of the working people. Why are we so little in touch with the great masses of men in the great Labour movement? There must be something wrong, because we do work hard as a Church; we are always at it. And I believe one great reason is that we do not admit the people to our inmost lives, the inmost shrine, but say to them: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." We never really make people feel that we are going to admit them into our inner life and real friendship, so that they may behold our glory. Do think over this condition of things, which I have tried, however roughly, to express, and let us see if we cannot change the tone and temper of our Church work altogether. We must no longer be content to receive people on the doorstep. The whole of our Church work has had too much of a patronising character about it. "That they may behold My glory that Thou hast given Me"—



## Our Lord's Ideal

that is the prayer of the real true-hearted priest.

(7) Then, lastly, CHRIST prays, "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them"—in other words, that the love of GOD be shed abroad in their hearts by the HOLY GHOST which is given to them, that they may all love GOD. Just think what a beautiful ideal that is, a parish loving GOD from one end to the other ! That is what each parish priest must pray for, that all his people should love GOD, because the love with which GOD has loved him has been in them and in their lives.

Watch, then, again and again this Master Artist at work, our own SAVIOUR and the only true Priest. He is the only true Priest. It is a great misunderstanding of our doctrine of the priesthood, as Dr. Moberley points out, to imagine that any priest has taken His place. Dr. Moberley, in his "Ministerial Priesthood," says there has been a great deal of misapprehension on the subject of the priesthood. There is only one Priest, JESUS CHRIST Himself. The Church is the Body of CHRIST, and the

## Our Lord's Ideal

priests of the Church are the organs of that Body through which it acts. Therefore while the priests have a special commission and special privileges, the whole body is priestly. I cannot help thinking that, if people really understood the true doctrine of the priesthood, a good deal of talk about sacerdotalism would be seen to be very absurd. There is such a thing, no doubt, as a man magnifying himself instead of his office. I shall speak of that later; but the true doctrine of the priesthood seems to me to be very simple and Scriptural and true to life.

Let us, then, seek to reproduce in our work the seven secrets of the successful work of our Master; and as we kneel and pray with that last prayer of our LORD in our minds, let us seek to catch from it the spirit of the ideal priest.

### III

#### HELPS TO STEWARDSHIP

I HAVE now to talk of Helps to Stewardship—that is to say, all the helps we have to be good stewards of that treasure committed to us by our LORD in such a wonderful way. What helps has He left us? First of all let us read the last part of the Exhortation:

“Forasmuch then as your Office is both of so great excellency, and of so great difficulty, ye see with how great care and study ye ought to apply yourselves, as well that ye may show yourselves dutiful and thankful unto the LORD, who hath placed you in so high a Dignity; as also to beware, that neither you yourselves offend, nor be occasion that others offend. Howbeit, ye cannot have a mind and will thereto of yourselves; for that will and ability is given of GOD alone: therefore ye ought, and have need, to pray for His HOLY SPIRIT. And seeing that you cannot by any other means

## Helps to Stewardship

compass the doing of so weighty a work, pertaining to the salvation of man, but with doctrine and exhortation taken out of the holy Scriptures, and with a life agreeable to the same; consider how studious ye ought to be in reading and learning the Scriptures, and in framing the manners both of yourselves, and of them that specially pertain unto you, according to the rule of the same Scriptures: and for this self-same cause, how ye ought to forsake and set aside (as much as you may) all worldly cares and studies.

“ We have good hope that you have well weighed and pondered these things with yourselves long before this time; and that you have clearly determined, by God’s grace, to give yourselves wholly to this Office, whereunto it hath pleased God to call you: so that, as much as lieth in you, you will apply yourselves wholly to this one thing, and draw all your cares and studies this way; and that you will continually pray to God the FATHER, by the Mediation of our only SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, for the heavenly assistance of the HOLY GHOST; that, by daily reading and weighing of the

## Helps to Stewardship

Scriptures, ye may wax riper and stronger in your Ministry; and that ye may so endeavour yourselves, from time to time, to sanctify the lives of you and yours, and to fashion them after the Rule and Doctrine of CHRIST, that ye may be wholesome and godly examples and patterns for the people to follow.”

(I) Now, the first thing that comes out of this Exhortation, the first help that appears is that we are to be faithful unto that LORD who has placed us in so high a dignity. It makes us wonder whether the glory has gone out of the ministry for some of us. Have we got so accustomed to it all that we have lost our keenness? We drop in and out of the Holy Communion, and forget to take the shoes from off our feet. We no longer realise what a sacred, solemn thing it is. We have taken so many baptisms that we hardly realise the solemnity of placing another of CHRIST's lambs in His flock. Funerals have become a matter of form. Nothing is more shocking to people than irreverence at funerals. It seems so hard, too, upon them in their sorrow. I have had several complaints of want of reverence in

## Helps to Stewardship

cemeteries. I am doing all I can to see that funerals are always conducted with real reverence and solemnity. Or have we got so familiar with the "Offices," as we call them, that they cease to be links between us and heaven? I do not know whether I am appealing to any who have not even now realised that prayer is the chain that binds us to heaven, and that the rule of the Church is Morning and Evening Prayers every day whether in church or not. They should always, if possible, be said in church. The offering up of the daily Morning and Evening Prayers makes the people realise that their parish priest is at prayer every day, on holidays as well as at other times. I think I imagine some saying: "Surely it is going to be a great slavery saying Mattins and Evensong every day." On the contrary, it is a most tremendous help. It is a link in the gold chain that binds us to God. It is possible to be mechanical in this as in everything else, as it was to a priest who shocked a layman by saying: "I sandwiched my Mattins between this and that." But if the Morning and

## Helps to Stewardship

Evening Prayers were said each day reverently and with intention, instead of being hurried through, they will be two golden links between us and heaven in each day.

Let us ask ourselves whether we are using these helps, or whether we have slipped away from the awe and reverence with which we first ascended the steps that led up to the Holy Table, and then, after celebrating the Holy Communion, descended with deep thankfulness for the blessed privilege. I always put up a special thanksgiving at Fulham when the men have passed the examination, and there is nothing but the Retreat between them and the Ordination. I always put up a thanksgiving at that first Evensong of the quiet days, "especially those who desire now to offer up praise and thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed to them, 'inasmuch as they are to be called to the ministry of the Church.'" We all ought to be very thankful and proud; but has the thankful pride worn a little thin? Has the spirit of thankfulness almost gone, and have we begun to take a patronising view of the ministry? Have we gradually slipped into that

## Helps to Stewardship

state of mind? I am sure nothing could be more helpful to us than a revival of the sense of the honour conferred upon us by being ministers at all, and a renewal of grateful thankfulness for all the happiness of it during a long course of years, for the many friends we have made, and for all the tokens we have received that God has blessed our efforts. That sermon, poor as it was, helped someone in the church. Perhaps it comforted some mother's heart, and perhaps she told you how much your sermon or your words to her had helped her. What a wonderfully happy thing the ministry really is! We ought to be so thankful for being allowed to go into it—thankful for the guidance that prevented us from going into something else. Some of us remember how doubtful we were whether we should take up some other profession. Something, however, decided us, and made it clear to us what our vocation was. And then, on looking back over those years—some here can look back over even more years' work in London than the twenty-five years' work which I can recall—what a happy ministry it has been!



## Helps to Stewardship

How thankful we ought to be for being allowed to continue it !

And so, let no one rob us of a sense of the dignity of our office. We are not to lord it over God's heritage or to magnify ourselves, but we *are* to be thankful to the LORD who has called us to this dignity, for there can be nothing higher or more glorious than the honour of being a priest of God. We must not let people's contemptuous talk about the "parsons" rob us of our sense of the high and glorious honour of being priests of God. I said I would call this address Helps to Stewardship, and I think myself that the first help is to renew our thankfulness and praise for being priests of God.

(2) Then comes another help, if we follow the outline of the Exhortation. I am not going to dwell upon this. I have said a good deal about self-examination before. Still, we must not overlook the searching note of this next sentence. We are not to offend, or be the occasion that others offend. We are the watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem; we are charged to see that no harm is coming to

## Helps to Stewardship

our city, to ascertain whether that dust on the horizon is dust from an enemy approaching, to watch whether this boy or girl is liable to temptation; and, therefore, we are not to offend ourselves nor to be the occasion of others offending. Bishop King used to say: "It is not enough to ask, 'Am I doing anything I know is wrong?' but, 'Am I doing anything I am not quite sure is right?'" That question goes much deeper into the conscience.

But, as I say, I do not mean to dwell on that any more; the second help is regular self-examination as to the very high standard of what is expected of us.

(3) And then, thirdly, there are regular Communion. This is left out of the Exhortation, and it is, I think, left out because it was so common as to be taken for granted. At the time this Exhortation was written there was no necessity to lay stress upon a regular and earnest Communion of the priest. The Exhortation notices the things that were to be revived in the Church. The clergy did not know the Scriptures well, but most of the priests of that day must have had daily Celebrations.

## Helps to Stewardship

Certainly they had frequent Celebrations, and therefore, because they are not specifically mentioned in the Exhortation addressed to us, we must not leave out of the Helps to Stewardship earnest prayerful and reverent Communions. Dr. Pusey who received the Holy Communion daily came to it with never decreasing awe and reverence. That is a great example to us, and we must, when we think over the Helps to Stewardship, resolve to come often in simple trust to our LORD in this way, sure that He will not despise us, sure that He is full of faith and love and hope and life and vitality. However cold and dead we may *feel*, we may come to Him and be filled for the day or for the week with all we need. We could not possibly keep the pastoral heart, we could not go on day after day with our work, unless we were receiving from Him in the Sacrament just that power we need to be faithful priests to our people.

(4) Well, then, we come back to the Exhortation, "Ye have need to pray earnestly for His HOLY SPIRIT," and, lower down, "that you will continually pray to GOD through the media-

## Helps to Stewardship

tion of our LORD JESUS CHRIST for the heavenly assistance of the HOLY GHOST." I do not know whether you agree with me, you older priests, priests of my own age, that, as we go on, we get to find more and more that we must depend on the HOLY SPIRIT, and live in the SPIRIT. Think of all those extraordinarily beautiful promises as to what the HOLY SPIRIT will do. I do not think that we must allow ourselves to minimize any of their meaning. We gradually find them true as we go on. We have mentioned some already: that the HOLY GHOST will take of CHRIST and show Him to us; that He will take our sermons and bring home to the people that it is in the power of the HOLY GHOST that we speak to them; that it is the HOLY GHOST who gives us in each hour what we ought to say; that it is the HOLY GHOST who prays in us with groanings that cannot be uttered. Are we cold and dead at our morning prayers? Then instead of rising from our knees, let us invoke the HOLY SPIRIT:

"Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire."

He will then pray in us prayers too deep for

## Helps to Stewardship

human utterance; He will enable us to pray according to the Will of God. We shall be "caught away by the SPIRIT," "led by the SPIRIT"—all these descriptions of the work of the HOLY SPIRIT given in the Bible are true to-day. You see this very thing happen to one of your own communicants. He is caught away by the SPIRIT, and you hear of him in some unpronounceable place in Japan, as Philip was caught away and found at Azotus. These things will happen if we are living in the SPIRIT.

This is the fourth help. How are we to be better stewards and priests? By depending more entirely upon the HOLY SPIRIT. A young Bishop was consecrated the other day. I only had a minute to write to him. I did not remember what I had written, but he tells me that what I did write to him helped him more than anything else. It was this one sentence: "Just simply take one day at a time, and trust to the HOLY SPIRIT to see you through." I believe that to be a perfectly sound maxim for every priest and Bishop. Take one day at a time, and trust the HOLY SPIRIT to see you

## Helps to Stewardship

through that day. That, I believe, will give you all peace, courage, and strength.

(5) And then the Exhortation goes on: "That by daily reading and weighing of the Scriptures ye may wax riper and stronger in your ministry." We come to the Scriptures. There is no book of devotion in the world like them. After a time a man shows in his sermons whether he studies his Bible. It is impossible to go on preaching year in and year out truly with freshness and vitality unless we read not only the Bible, but books that bear on it, and interpret it. We have all promised to do that; we promised to do it after we heard this Exhortation in the Ordination Service. "I give my boys to drink," says Dr. Arnold, "out of running water, not out of a stagnant pool." We are only too apt to give our people drink out of a stagnant pool instead of running water, unless we somehow manage to read and study our Bible, and also books which interpret it. I know how difficult it is in our crowded lives to do this, but somehow we must manage it; a great deal can be done by method; never waste even a quarter of an hour. We must do this if we

## Helps to Stewardship

are to keep the promise made at our Ordination; we must attend to the feeding of our minds as well as the feeding of our bodies. Take some particular Epistle, if you can, or some Gospel; use some good commentary as you study it, and when you have mastered it, preach sometimes expository sermons. I never read better expository sermons than Dr. Dale's on the Ephesians. They are models of what expository sermons should be. If we preached more expository sermons to our people, they would have a better education in religion than they can ever have from a series of unconnected addresses. I believe we should be very much astonished and rather humiliated if we cross-examined our congregations as to what they learned from us. I am afraid we should come out as teachers very badly.

Well, we have spoken of reading the Scriptures and studying theology with a view to our sermons. There is also the devotional study of the Scriptures and praying for a message. If your conscience tells you that you have given up your devotional reading, go back to it; you will find it will inspire your prayers

## Helps to Stewardship

and preaching. If we are to revive our spiritual life, we all ought to have some devotional book on hand besides, of course, the study of theology and the general reading of history, including Church history. I venture to recommend Father Congreve's book called "Spiritual Order," which one of my brother Bishops gave me. I read it in the early morning, and it was a great help, taking one into a wonderful atmosphere of spiritual calm.

(6) Then another help to an effective stewardship is taking care that the lives of ourselves and those that specially pertain to us are moulded according to the model of CHRIST—in other words, that our homes are spiritual helps. I have seen the bright side of clerical married life. I have seen the wonderful devotion of the wives of the clergy throughout London, and their daughters toiling away, as unpaid curates, all over the diocese. Very little thanks do they get; their work is taken very much for granted; it is, as a rule, of the greatest help to their husbands or fathers. But, on the other hand, of course, if the home has got a wrong tone in it, if there is any scandal



## Helps to Stewardship

connected with the clergyman's family, then no wonder there is failure in the parish. People say: "If he cannot keep his children in order, how can he take care of the Church of God?" I am not speaking, of course, with any detailed knowledge of the home lives of those present, but it is your duty to see that your homes are "a rainbow round the throne." And if, as so often happens, you live in a clergy-house, just see that in that clergy-house you are all helping one another, and that you are all a band of brothers. I have loved so much living with the troops this summer. In sending them out to the front, I have quoted to them those wonderful lines of Shakespeare about St. Crispin's day:

"This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day till the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered; . . .  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

## Helps to Stewardship

That has stirred the blood of Englishmen for three hundred years, just as it did the other day when I bade those young men think that they might be present at the second Battle of Waterloo. We ought to have the same sort of feeling in the Church. What is the Church but a great enterprise and venture for God? We ought to have the same sort of feeling as those young men had in making the great venture for their country. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers." May you be a band of brothers, fighting a great battle for the souls of the people, which never ceases day or night. We ought to have a little more romance and chivalry in the ministry; we should be adventurers for God, risking everything.

(7) And then, lastly, with regard to social work, lectures, and the like. All these things are absolutely right, but the carrying on of them is not the sole object for which you were ordained. The work of the Church must cover the whole ground; we have got to lead in social reform, nerving, inspiring, leading, the people to their duty in all

## Helps to Stewardship

their municipal work. But behind it all we have to take care of the treasure committed to our care; that is the one thing we must concentrate upon; anything else, however right and useful, must come after. I know that many clergy are doing most useful work for the State; but they must never let that interfere with the one thing needful, the salvation of the souls committed to their care.

Well, then, brothers, these are some of the helps given us to enable us to be faithful stewards. Are we using them all? Have we left any out? Let us think over them one by one. Are we losing our awe and thankfulness or our sense of the greatness of our calling? are we careless in our self-examination? While we prepare our people for their Communions, do we fail to prepare ourselves? Are we depending on the heavenly assistance of the HOLY GHOST? Are we reading and weighing the Scriptures? Is our home a help or a hindrance to the parish? And are we concentrating our whole mind and soul on the care of the treasure committed to our charge, praying for it more, taking care of it more, making more

## Helps to Stewardship

of it, remembering that our people are the sheep for whom CHRIST shed His blood, and also His Spouse and His Body. I believe that we shall have after to-day a deeper sense of union with JESUS CHRIST Himself. It is only those who work for Him as shepherds that have the great feeling of the nearness of the Good Shepherd. If we so work with Him, we shall inherit His Pastoral Joy, which the world can neither give nor take away.

TO CLERGY AT QUIET DAYS

(*B*) ADVENT PICTURES



# I

## THE FAITHFUL STEWARD

WE have taken as our first picture our LORD with His eyes as a flame of fire, flaming with insight, love, hope, vitality, and zeal, let us now take as a picture the faithful steward. Let us picture the steward in charge of the household waiting for his LORD to come back.

(I) And the first thing that we notice about it is this, that *the steward represents his master* to the outside world. I do not think it is possible for us to exaggerate how far off CHRIST seems to thousands and even millions of people in London. Some of our sermons go right over the heads of many of them. We assume a great deal too much knowledge, a great deal too much Christian experience. The main problem is how to bring our faith home to these four millions in London (to take our diocese only), how to make JESUS CHRIST real

## The Faithful Steward

to them, so that all we say and think and read may have some real meaning to them.

Now we must remember this, that they take their ideas largely of what JESUS CHRIST is from ourselves. I have had two or three rather glaring instances lately of how people can be absolutely put off religion by the clergy. We are not here to speak soft words to one another, but to find out what is wrong in our ministry. I was talking recently to a young soldier who was going out to battle. He did not know until the last moment that he was going out so soon. He was the son of a Churchman, and his father asked me to do what I could for him while he was preparing for his great ordeal in life. I asked him how he was getting on, and in the conversation he told me that the clergy had not helped him. Speaking of his own clergyman, he said he was so unsatisfactory that, when their Colonel died, the Regiment managed that he should not take the funeral service. What a tremendous pity ! That may be an illustration of the fact that a man may so behave himself as to utterly misrepresent his Master and repel those whom he



## The Faithful Steward

should attract. If that clergyman had represented CHRIST to that boy, he would have won his confidence before his hour of battle. He was only too ready for spiritual help, and was clearly glad to receive a blessing when he was suddenly ordered for the front.

I am not condemning individuals—I am only taking illustrations of the way in which a steward can put off the outside person from entering the Master's house. Take another. I asked a young man, an honest, good-looking young fellow, who came up finally to be ordained, why he had been so long in coming for ordination. He said: "You don't mind my telling you, Bishop? I am rather ashamed of it. The truth is that, when I used to look out of the bus or cab and see a parson passing down the street, I used to say: 'I *can't* be like that man.'"

Well, then, we have to ask ourselves—and this is the first question—whether we are so misrepresenting our Master that we are putting off the very people we were meant to win. It may possibly be merely an affected manner or a pompous way of speaking, or some off-

## The Faithful Steward

handedness or laziness. But we are bound to remember this, that half the world never sees anyone but the steward, and half the world makes up its mind as to what the Master is like by what the steward is like. And this does make us ask ourselves a very searching question: Are we properly representing the Master, quite apart from any other question of stewardship? Are we, when people come to the house and we go to the door to receive them, giving a good impression of the Master who is within? It is surprising to find how many people have been put off religion by the clergy. Is this the reason why your church is empty and people do not give you their confidence?

(2) Then the next task of the steward is *to keep safe the treasure committed to his care*. I have already taken the words of the Exhortation to the priest in the Ordination Service, and especially that very touching passage, "Have therefore in your remembrance how great a treasure is committed to your charge."

The treasure committed to our charge is contained in our people, in the privilege and

## The Faithful Steward

honour of being ministers to the Anglo-Saxon race, and among them to men whom we have been apt to regard as hopeless from a religious point of view in our parishes, but who are now astonishing us by their courage and chivalry in battle. They were treasures committed to our care, and perhaps if we had shown a little more patience, a little more zeal, and obtained a little more knowledge of how to deal with them, they would not have remained outside our influence.

And then there is not only the treasure of the people committed to our care; there is the treasure of the Christian faith. I have often said that I believe there is a great danger to-day of a whittling down of the Christian faith. I find in going round the diocese a certain number of men whose faith has gradually been whittled away by one-sided criticism. They have not been conscious of it, they have not meant that it should be so ; but little by little their faith in CHRIST as the Incarnate SON of GOD has degenerated into belief in a merely human person. For instance, in regard to the passage used in our meditation this morning. A man

## The Faithful Steward

will say: "How do we know that St. John wrote the Book of Revelation?" Or take the last prayer of our LORD in St. John's Gospel. The thought suggests itself, "Perhaps, after all, it was only some good man who said this. How do we really know our LORD really said it?" This habit of doubt has been allowed to grow and many a man has got into the way, not of reading his Bible, but of reading what some critics have written about it; and thus the truth has lost its power. I found one or two men reluctant to come to the Quiet Day because their faith in JESUS CHRIST had really more or less disappeared. That is not taking care of the treasure committed to our care. However true in themselves, Creeds may become mechanical. We may repeat them, indeed, but not as a great battle-cry of our faith.

Now let us ask ourselves, Are we guarding the faith committed to our care, or is our hold upon it loosening? Is the treasure disappearing? If the Master came round for an inventory of the treasure He has given us—and He has every right to ask His steward for such an

## The Faithful Steward

inventory—have we got that treasure safe, with nothing left out, nothing lost? Are we preaching the whole faith, or have we got hold of one favourite doctrine, even a profoundly important doctrine, such as the Atonement, and are we preaching that and neglecting other doctrines? Are we becoming one-sided in our teaching and in our lives? We must teach the whole of Revealed Truth, not only the Incarnation, but equally the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the truth of the Sacraments. All these do not in the least contradict one another; they form a rounded faith, the whole Catholic faith, and we have no right to take one favourite doctrine and exalt it above all the others. We ought to be teaching the whole of Christian doctrine, no part of which contradicts another. In regard, for instance, to the Holy Communion, the question is asked: Which is essential, the gift itself, or the faith with which it is received? But Bishop Gore points out in one of his books that the hand of faith takes, and cannot be a substitute for the gift which is put into it. You want faith to receive as well as the gift which your faith enables you to receive.

## The Faithful Steward

The hand of faith and the gift put into it are two complementary ideas; it is not right to separate them, even in our own minds.

Think, then, whether we are guarding as stewards *all* the treasure, or whether we are neglecting part. Are we guarding the boys, the girls, the women, the men, the old people, and the sick? or again are we neglecting some of the doctrines of Christian faith, all of which are wanted if we are to be successful in our work?

(3) Then, thirdly, we look at the steward again. *He forages for the food of his household*; it is his business to procure it. He has not only to give it away when he gets it; he has to get it first, and he has to get it by hard toil. If the steward does not take the trouble to get food for the house, the household starves. And that brings us back to that side of our lives which we call meditation, Bible-reading, and reading of devotional books. All this, besides feeding our own souls, is the only way to get food for those for whom we have to provide. I have already quoted Dr. Arnold's famous words about his boys:\* "I will give my boys to drink out of running water, not out of a

\* See p. 102.

## The Faithful Steward

stagnant pool." Undoubtedly, unless we read and study, we do give them "water out of a stagnant pool." We must have growing minds, we must be ourselves readers, we must be ourselves interested and learners every day, or we cannot teach, that is certain. However busy we may be, we must give our people drink out of running water. There are the fresh hours of the early morning of which we must make use. We must rise early enough in the morning for some quiet time. I do not think anything is more essential than a quiet time with God apart from the daily services. Of course, we must have the daily service, but that does not take the place of the quiet time alone with God. And I believe that what is wanted is the practice of listening for God's voice. We want to listen; we pray, but we do not stop to hear what God says in reply. We do not listen for His answers. Many people think meditation is a very difficult, complicated act. What meditation really is is very well pointed out in Mr. Longridge's paper on "Meditation."\* He points out

\* "The Eyes of Flame" (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd.), p. 31.

## The Faithful Steward

that Meditation is really talking to God, and God talking to us. "What are you doing all day?" a man was asked. "What do you find to say to God as you kneel in church quietly?" "I do nothing; I look at God, and He looks at me." That is meditation, and we must make time for it. There must be a quiet time during which we say, "Speak, LORD, for Thy servant heareth": "I will hearken what the LORD GOD will say concerning me." I know how very hard some of you work, how full of business you are, how eager you are to cover the parish and get through as many visits as possible. But all this does not take the place of meditation. We must have meditation that we may carry an atmosphere about with us.

(4) The steward then must forage for God's people, and then, when he has got something to give them, *he must give each his portion of meat in due season*. Now that is not easy. Here comes in all that is meant by regular visiting and personal work. How about the visiting? Are we tired of it? Do we think it enough to sit in our churches and wait for our people to



## The Faithful Steward

come to us, whereas we are told to go out to seek and to save? I do not think that anything is more absolutely essential, if we are to discharge our duties properly, than regular and careful visiting, by which we may unearth more treasure.

And then we must always be at leisure to see individuals if they want to see us. I do not mean that we are not to use discretion. We are not to let our time be taken up unnecessarily, but you never know what may come out of an interview; that shy young man may have waited the chance of a talk for years. Do not look at the clock when he is there. And in giving every one his portion, we must remember that to one we may have to give milk, to another strong meat. That man is not ready for the whole truth at once: you must be prepared to use common sense in leading him on from point to point, here a little, there a little. The faithful steward does not mind all the trouble and cost which this involves: he prays over him, he intercedes for him. One great religious teacher used to say he found it paid better (he used that very

## The Faithful Steward

phrase) to pray over a man than to talk to him. That is a hard saying to follow literally ; but I am perfectly certain of this, that the more we pray over people, the more we are able to give them their portion of meat in due season.

(5) Then the steward has to be *very tolerant and kind to his fellow-workers*. I do myself very much hope that the elder clergy will be very careful in dealing with the young clergy who are their helpers, and will recognise their immense responsibility with regard to them. I know of one or two who have been spoilt in their spiritual life by not being properly looked after, and not having received proper consideration. One could hardly exaggerate, for instance, the ill-effect of scolding a curate before the choir-boys. How can he possibly have any standing with them afterwards ? I only say this in order to illustrate how a good man may do foolish things. We must look after our fellow-servants and make them happy and keep them happy ; we must see to it that they have a good time, that they are properly looked after at the clergy-house ; we must pray with them, and gather

## The Faithful Steward .

them together once a week for common prayer and conference; and look to it that they are not too lonely in their lodgings. The earnest, tactful steward will be sure to attend to all these things, so that there will be no case of a man coming into the deanery and saying that no man has ever called upon him except the Rural Dean. That does tend to rob the Church of its power as a brotherhood. Besides the younger clergy, we must also look after the Sunday-School teachers and the young men who come to train the Church Lads' Brigade or Scouts. We have to look after them, and make them feel that they have a friend in the Vicar and his assistant-priests.

(6) Then the steward *must not be afraid to face the drink difficulty*. I heartily wish that all the clergy of the Church of England were teetotalers. You have no idea what it is to a Bishop, this drink question; you have no idea of the numbers who have fallen under the drink curse even in our own ministry. I want you, by your own efforts, by your own examples in your personal lives, to help to diminish the danger of it. For instance, I

## The Faithful Steward

know it went against my idea of hospitality not to have any wine for Ordination candidates. I found the custom when I came, and I kept it up for a year or two; but I never have any wine now for Ordination candidates during the preparation time, for fear that even one might be misled into what I see is a great curse. The steward must be conspicuously self-controlled. If there is any chance of throwing stones at clergymen, the world will be only too glad to do so.

Further, is everything perfectly straight with all the church-workers? Are we too familiar with any, or causing scandal by unwise friendships? We cannot be too careful, so that those outside may have no evil thing to say of us; Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion, so must God's stewards be.

(7) And then, there is one more trait in the character of the faithful steward. The steward represents the master; he guards the treasure and gets the food for the household; he gives them their food in due season; he tries to be "a wholesome example for the people to follow"; but the last thing he has to do is *always* to

## The Faithful Steward

*have his eye on the door.* He watches and waits. He has to remember that in our parish or our deanery or our diocese it is not us that our people are to love, but JESUS CHRIST. We are only stewards, we are not masters, and we have to test by this both ourselves and our ministry; we must ask, not whether we are popular, but whether our people love JESUS CHRIST and are waiting for His appearance and keeping their eye on the door. Do you not think it a great test—the greatest test of all—as to whether there is any self getting into our work? The work which we are doing is His work. We have to labour up to the limit of our powers, but we must show to all the world that there is no self in the matter. We must not be wanting to make a name for ourselves or to be seeking our own glory; and we ought to be only too glad when JESUS CHRIST comes again in God's promised time.

*“ Let the door be on the latch in  
your home,  
For it may be in the dawning  
Between the night and morning  
CHRIST will come.”*

## II

### THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

WE have thought of the faithful steward. Now let us take another picture and meditate upon it:

“Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

“And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

“They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:

“But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

“While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

“And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

“Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

## The Bridal Procession

“And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

“But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

“And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

“Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, LORD, LORD, open unto us.

“But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

“Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the SON of MAN cometh.”

(I) Now let us think what our LORD meant by this picture. It is a most attractive picture, a band of maidens sweeping together through the dark to meet the bridegroom. This is meant to represent the attractiveness of the Church. Everyone ought to feel the Church to be the most attractive thing in the world. They ought to come out of the darkness of the world to

## The Bridal Procession

see this wonderful sight, a Church united, attractive, winning, passing like a light through the darkness. Everyone ought to be saying: "I should like to be with those people. What a beautiful sight! Here is a Church passing on to light up the darkness of a cruel world." I wonder whether people do say that of you, whether that is the impression made by the Church in this district. I do not suggest it is not so. But are unity, attractiveness, winning power, really the prevailing characteristics of the Church here in the eyes of the inhabitants of the place? If not, of course, there must be something wrong. It is perfectly clear that goodness was meant to be the most attractive thing in the world. And each one of us is bound to ask: "If the Church in my parish is not like that, what is the matter with it?" Each parish priest should ask himself: "Have I an unattractive church, with nothing to win people? If I know my church is never full, is it because I am not like the wise steward who brings out of his treasures things new and old, but because I keep to what is old and unattractive, because I have



## The Bridal Procession

not a growing mind, but hold on to what I was taught thirty years ago as the method of the Church?" Well, it is surely well worth while to ask: "Could not I do better and be humble, and learn from other people? Why is it that that man near me always has a crowded church and hearty worship? Why should not I?"

"Why is my Sunday-School not more successful? Why are the Church children so little impressed that many fall away from the Church? Why is it they do not seem to be taught anything that stays with them in after-life? Is it because I am too proud to learn something of the new methods of Sunday-School teaching, or to admit the ineffectiveness of the old books? Do I consider old apparatus good enough for the Sunday-School, while the secular day-schools have the very best equipment?" In the day-schools everything must be of the best and up to date. Why is it not the same with the Sunday-School? If you turn to the diocese for help, we have expert teachers ready to teach. We have now everything of the best—the best methods, the

## The Bridal Procession

best apparatus to offer you. It is open to every Sunday-School in the diocese to have access to the best books written on the subject of teaching. But, of course, if a Sunday-School clings to old methods, it is impossible for it to be a force in the parish. If I was still a parish priest, I should say to myself: "If my Sunday-School is like that, why should I not try to get a good one? And if my church is a dull, unattractive place, why do I not try to make it something better? Or perhaps it is not so much the church that is dull as my preaching. Then why is my preaching so dull? It is quite certain that London does not want dulness. Men I see around me have their churches full. Is it because I am like a lecturer lecturing about a country when he has not been there?" There is all the difference in the world between two lecturers. With one you see the room full and people hanging on his lips. Why? Because he has been to the place, and he tells them what he knows. The other has a small and apathetic audience, because he talks about places he has never seen.

To illustrate this, I could not help writ-

## The Bridal Procession

ing out a quotation from Browning's "Pied Piper." You remember how the Pied Piper played to the children, and when they heard him they all trooped into the street, and were never seen again—all except one lame child, who could not keep up with the others; and in after-years he used to say:

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left !  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me.  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new."

That is what he thought he had heard the Pied Piper promise, and when they heard of this wonderful land no wonder the children could not resist following him.

I wonder whether what is really the matter with our ministry is that we have lost the sense of reality and the joy in the things of which we speak. People used to enjoy our preaching about these things because we spoke out of the fulness of our hearts. But we have lost

## The Bridal Procession

all that now—lost that rich joy in the Gospel, that joy in the LORD; therefore we do not sound a note which is in the least attractive, because there is nothing which is attracting us. It is not that we have something to say, but that we must say something on Sunday. I only just suggest that, if our power seems gone, we must get back to the joy in the LORD, the joy in the Gospel, which always attracts. If the preacher is interested, the people are interested. If the man has a message that he loves to give, the people will of course love to hear it. On the other hand, it must be remembered that if we seem to have lost our spiritual joy for a time, it does not mean that we have really fallen away from grace. It may merely be a great trial through which we are passing. Sometimes trees grow more in the dark November days than in the bright spring days. It may be that we are going through a time of spiritual dryness. If so, take it as a trial from GOD, and do what you can to hold on through the darkness. “My GOD, my GOD, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” was uttered by our LORD in His time of darkness,

## The Bridal Procession

but the darkness was followed by joy. We ought to rejoice in the LORD always. Just think over quietly the many reasons for rejoicing. Why should I not rejoice? Is it not a glorious thing that I know God the FATHER's love, that I believe in the Incarnation, and that CHRIST rose again and broke the bonds of death? I do not die; my brother, my son, my wife, do not die. They pass from life here to a life of glorious happiness. Do I believe this? If I do, it takes away all sorrow and mourning; it takes away the sting of death. Why should not my Church be a loving brotherhood, with no one lonely in it, and all in it touching CHRIST through the Sacraments, who gives us what we want, faith, hope, love, and refreshing peace.

If I believe this, I ought to be happy, and I ought to think it a great privilege to preach about it, for many prophets and kings have desired to see these things that I have seen, and hear the things I hear. Therefore I ought to be very happy. Am I happy? If so, then other people will wish to know what is the secret of my happiness, and will follow

## The Bridal Procession

me as the little children followed the Pied Piper ?

“Live life of love, that others who  
Behold your life may kindle too  
With love, and cast their lot with you.”

(2) All this makes us look more carefully at these ten maidens as they pass through the street. There are four things about them which we have to notice. They have their lamps lighted, they have their lamps trimmed; the wise ones have a constant supply of oil, and they have their lamps held up on high. These four things each one of us must have if we are to win the world.

(i.) Lamps *lighted*—afame, that is, with faith, hope, and love. I have spoken of faith; but do we *hope* enough? Do we, for instance, have an attractive enough conception of the life of the world to come? Do we really mean the words when we sing:

“Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o’er,  
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore”?

## The Bridal Procession

London is a city of mourners to-day. But the lot of those who mourn would be very much brighter if we realised into what a bright and beautiful life our friends have passed. I was talking last night to a boy very dear to me. I shall not see him now until he comes back from the war. In our talk he said: "Well, Bishop, I know we may never meet again in this world, but if we do not meet again, I want you always to feel that I am not at all sorry if I am to die. I shall look on it as a great honour to die for my country. Do not think that if I am killed I shall be the least unhappy. I trust I shall have forgiveness of my sins and be admitted to Paradise. I am quite prepared to die." It was the first time he had talked so openly about religion, but I knew then that he had looked death fairly in the face. Many of our young fellows think like him, and when they have faced what may happen, it does take away the fear of death. They know there are many things worse than death; and when we have all fairly faced death, and are at peace with God, we shall get rid of that horrible dread of death, which keeps so

## The Bridal Procession

many lives in bondage. Our lamps, then, ought to be ablaze with hope.

And then *Love*. If a man feels in his heart that he has ceased to love his people, he has ceased to be useful. A man who has ceased to love his people had better go elsewhere, because without love we can do nothing. We can do nothing if we do not take a real interest in our people's lives, and if we do not love them, not with a sentimental love, but with a love that prays and yearns over them, and longs to see them better. Our love should be a reflection of the love of God.

(ii.) But the lamps must not only be lighted, but be *trimmed*. I think that very many good men in the ministry who are not in the least affected by any of the things of which I have as yet had to speak are yet in danger. The great moral sins may pass like distant thunder over their heads. They may say: "With all my faults I have never done anything like that." But they may have very little quiet for their spiritual life, self-examination may be hurried over; they may have no method in their work, and therefore much time is wasted.



## The Bridal Procession

If this is so, let us trim our lamps to-day, let us rearrange our lives as we arranged them on the day when we left our theological college, with fixed times for meditation and prayer, for daily mattins and evensong by ourselves or in church, for reading, for visiting, not always in the afternoon, but sometimes in the evening, when we shall find the men at home. A trimmed lamp helps our own spiritual life. Our own hearts will tell us where the lamp requires trimming. We shall see little faults here, little foibles there, little weaknesses which are creeping over us which must be dealt with. If we could only have the lamp trimmed as well as burning, how bright the lamp would be !

(iii.) And then, thirdly, there must be a *steady supply* of *oil*. I believe we shall find that all through the Bible oil is always used to represent the HOLY SPIRIT, as, for instance, we are told that "we have an unction from the Holy One." Again and again we find phrases indicating that the oil mentioned means the HOLY SPIRIT. A young Bishop to whom I wrote on his consecration—I had only time to write a few

## The Bridal Procession

words—said that he should never forget the words: “Take one day at a time, and trust the HOLY SPIRIT to see you through.” I am quite prepared to stand by that advice; it may not seem quite reverent, but it was not meant to be irreverent—“Take one day at a time, and trust the HOLY SPIRIT to see you through.” That is exactly what it amounts to if we really believe that the HOLY SPIRIT guides us, that He prays in us, that He takes of CHRIST and shows Him to us, that He drives us into the wilderness, and even catches us away as He caught away Philip. Whenever we are in His hands—and the whole question of our giving a faithful witness depends upon this—we need not be afraid of falling away. Take one day at a time. Trust Him to be the oil to our work. If any of you, brothers, have been forgetting the HOLY SPIRIT, remember how futile your preaching is sure to be without the HOLY SPIRIT. But, on the other hand, year after year the man who has few gifts and yet lets the HOLY SPIRIT use what he has, who trusts in the HOLY SPIRIT, and not in his own power, will be a blessing to his people. He

## The Bridal Procession

gives us in each hour what we are to say. This does not do away with the necessity for our work, but it *does* mean that we are to trust God, and not our own power, and we may then have "the heavenly assistance of the HOLY GHOST." What a beautiful phrase that is in the Exhortation, "The heavenly assistance of the HOLY GHOST" !

(iv.) And then we have *to hold up the lamp*. That does not mean setting up ourselves as morally perfect, but it does mean that we are bound to be examples of the way of God. We are bound to "let our light so shine before men that they may glorify our FATHER which is in heaven." We have to be "whole-some examples and patterns for the people to follow." We are pledged to be such patterns and examples.

(v.) And then one more thought. It is not enough to have the lamp well trimmed and full of oil, and held up, if we do it by ourselves. We know the curse of parochialism. A man is apt to think only of his own parish, his own parochial work, and imagine that he has only to look after his own people ; he does not think

## The Bridal Procession

of his parish in relation to the deanery or the diocese. But the parish, the deanery, and the diocese, must bear *a united and not an isolated witness*—a united witness showing the Church to be a society, a glorious brotherhood. I wonder whether you are as united as you might be. I do not know; I am only asking you whether you are really a band of brothers. “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.” That is what the deanery ought to be, a band of brothers. It is the corporate witness of the Church that is wanted. Let us try to bear this corporate witness. Ask the HOLY SPIRIT to knit you together into a band of brothers passing through what is often a very dark and difficult country. In this district there is no romance, but it is a place a band of brothers can win if you will pass through it with lamps lighted and trimmed and held up, a united body. The sight will be so attractive, so winning, that all will come to find out what the secret of the attraction is; and when they come they will stay and worship.

### III

#### THE WICKEDNESS OF SLOTH

WE take now another picture. All these pictures are very familiar to us, but we try to meditate upon them now as they apply to our own work.

“For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

“And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

“Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

“And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

“But he that had received one went and dug in the earth, and hid his lord’s money.

## The Wickedness of Sloth

“After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

“And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

“His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

“He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

“His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

“Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

## The Wickedness of Sloth

“And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

“His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

“Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

“Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

“For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

“And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

(I) I always believe in putting up a little prayer to the HOLY SPIRIT to interpret His writing to us. Let us do so in our hearts before we begin. What really is the definite warning of the parable? There can be no doubt; it is

## The Wickedness of Sloth

the *wickedness of sloth*. And this is all the more serious because there can be no doubt that sloth is the greatest danger to a priest. In every other profession men are supervised daily. Certainly this is true of those young men who come up to their business every day. They have to be at their office at a certain hour, and if they are late, say a second or a third time, they are told they need not come again. We clergy are the only people who are really left to our own devices as to the management of our working-time. And, therefore, we must not hide it from ourselves that sloth is the greatest danger to a priest. There is no one to watch his daily life. In his lonely lodgings there is no one to see how he spends that hour after breakfast—that precious morning hour. There is no one to see what he is doing. Even the Vicar of the parish probably has no idea how he spends half his time. We are put on our honour all the time; no one looks after us in detail, and consequently we have the greatest possible temptation in our lives to slip into habits of sloth. Then, is it not true that sloth is a



## The Wickedness of Sloth

special temptation to middle age ? A kind of moss is apt to grow over a man in middle age, and sometimes it is the moss of sloth. Of course, men differ very much in temperament. There are some who are naturally lethargic, and it is about middle age that the lethargic temperament begins to tell. The man slips gradually into being really slothful. Perhaps he is a little disheartened through not becoming the success he hoped to be. Sloth is all the more serious when sometimes the devil is transformed into an angel of light, and the slothful man applies to himself such a text as, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It is a beautiful verse if you understand it rightly. "In quietness and confidence *shall* be your strength," if you will, but it is not meant to cover a slothful life.

(2) Sloth may be of *various kinds*. There is, first, what may be called the "arm-chair sloth." The arm-chair is so very comfortable, and it is such a bore to be called out late at night when we have settled down. Then there is intellectual sloth. A man may give up reading entirely; he no longer takes any

## The Wickedness of Sloth

interest in fresh ideas. As a result, the vitality of his work languishes, and his spiritual powers become dormant. If a man's habit of reading is kept up, he becomes fresher every day; whereas it is just the opposite with a man who says he has no time for reading. In a few years he finds he cannot read; he has lost his power of concentration; he has frittered his mind away in all sorts of aimless objects. We must be very careful lest intellectual sloth creeps over us. It always undermines our ministry, injures our preaching, and makes us lose interest in our work.

Then there is spiritual sloth. A man may be very active in the parish, but not very active in his prayers. It may mean, of course, that we are really tired out, and need a holiday; but even then we must have a regular time for prayer, and look upon it as a regular work. We must persistently approach God, and "give Him no rest until He shall have made Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

(3) *How are we to rouse ourselves from sloth?* (i.) We must first remember that, if we fail in our prayers, we become like the

## The Wickedness of Sloth

man who hid his talent in a napkin. The slothful servant is the wicked servant because he is unprofitable, and from him is taken the talent which was given to him, and it is given to the man who has ten talents. This penalty is severe indeed.

(ii.) And then, again, we must remember that, if we are slothful at our work, we are simply *in the way*. I have no special information as to how any one of you here was appointed to his present post. But supposing there were three or four people who would have liked to have it when you were appointed to it; if you are doing nothing, you are simply in the way of someone else. The other man who was passed over for you might have done wonders. If he had been appointed, he might have filled the church and built up the spiritual life of the parish. You are a kind of log in the way of a better man. Sometimes we forget the honour of being appointed a priest at all. There is a fine passage in the Exhortation to the priests warning us not to forget to be thankful to the LORD who has called us to "so high a dignity." Sometimes we take it all for granted, and, instead of thinking

## The Wickedness of Sloth

of the tremendous honour done us in making us priests at all, only think of the opportunity of getting a good living. But if you did get it when many others wanted it, and you do not make a good use of this opportunity, you are, I say, standing in the way of a better man.

(iii.) Then, again, numbers of people must be dying spiritually if *we* are doing nothing. Look at actual facts. Some are apt to be over-modest about their work. They say, for instance: "I know I am not very much good; I do my little best." But remember that, because there is no one vigorously working among them, many people are being tempted to their ruin. If someone else were there labouring with diligence, they might be saved. In words I have already quoted,

"Not yet to sleep, not yet; our work is nought;  
On that last trench the fate of all may rest."

And, therefore, let us try to look the situation in the face. Take heed; the Eyes like a Flame of Fire are looking us through and through. "Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

## The Wickedness of Sloth

(3) And now there comes a question answered in the parable—*what ought we to have done instead of being slothful?* what ought we to be doing? And here we get at first sight a very puzzling answer: “Ye should have put my money to the exchangers” (the “bankers,” we should say), “that when I came back I could receive mine own again with usury.” The bankers!—certainly our LORD was not afraid of bold metaphors. The more I have thought over this, the more I believe that it can only mean one thing—that is, that in the work of the Church there is a kind of mysterious power of giving compound interest, and all the talents ought to be subject to it. Whether it is one talent, or two, or five, all should really be thrown into the work of the Church. Take, for instance, ourselves. What can we do about ourselves? We have all got a talent of some kind—our time, our influence, our gifts, whatever they are. Well, what does our LORD expect of us? I am only interpreting what He says; correct me in your own minds. (i.) As far as I can understand, it is expected that we shall be improving ourselves every year.

## The Wickedness of Sloth

I sometimes actually see before my eyes improvement in a man. I see young men steadily improving—they do not know it themselves; I see a new light about a deacon after ordination if he has done well: there is a new light in his eyes, a new look in his face, a new inspiration. He is a better worker and a stronger man. I have seen, too, young priests growing stronger, more humble, every day. I could mention one or two in this deanery whom I have watched, and of whom I can say that I am perfectly sure they are improving. Their work is better and stronger than it was at first. That ought to happen to all of us, although we may not be conscious of it. The more saintly a man is, the humbler he is, and very often the more conscious he is of his own failures and failings. We must ask ourselves: "Have I got more self-conquest, have I got more control over my thoughts? Have I got more control over my temper? And those besetting sins—have I got more hold of them than I had?" We ought to be able to say: "Thank God, I think I do have more hold than I had five years ago."

## The Wickedness of Sloth

I ask you, then, to face this question: Are you growing in grace, are you improving, does CHRIST see His talent which He has entrusted to you bearing interest? We are bound to press on. Although all of us must still say, "LORD, be merciful to me, a sinner," still He will give us to-day encouragement, and send us with a word of hope on our way.

(ii.) Then comes the question of the parish. Now, if a man is to be improving every year in his character, we must expect his parish to be getting more spiritual too. There may be local difficulties which discourage—*e.g.*, the moving away of those who have just become communicants, as in East London, or other specially disheartening features of our work. But, putting aside all these local reasons, there should be an increase in the progress of the work; there should be more people cherishing the means of grace, more people coming forward to be confirmed, more communicants. There should be a greater attainment to the mind of JESUS CHRIST, more deepening of spiritual life in the parish, more sense of brotherhood. We ought to teach our people that we are a living so-

## The Wickedness of Sloth

ciety, and do not exist simply to save our own souls. The Churches of the deanery should learn from one another. We ought to be growing in the love of CHRIST ; the deanery ought to be growing in grace. There should be more spirituality in the work of the whole deanery. Now we are bound to ask : " If CHRIST is disappointed in my parish, can the cause possibly be myself ?" I think that, if there is disappointment, one cause may be that we are playing on the surface too much. We are content to work without ploughing down under the surface. We forget that ploughing must come before sowing, and sowing before reaping. We have to get down to the souls of our people. " Break up your fallow ground." You may remember Bishop Wilkinson gave an address on " Break up your fallow ground."\* The striking thing about his message was that the address which moved the miners in the North was the very same address that stirred to their depths the rich people of Eaton Square. " Break up your fallow ground,"

\* Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd.



## The Wickedness of Sloth

went home to those who had never been stirred before.

Or perhaps we are quite content to have our parish a centre of social work. I am one of those who think that the Church must show a social side, and that the Gospel demands a more complete change in social conditions. We must not be content to see some people starve while others have too much. With regard to clubs, I have seen them at close quarters. They are excellent up to a point. Where there is nothing but public-houses provided, the working man's club may be a very useful thing. But if there is no religion professed by the members, such clubs often become a hindrance to the Church's work. I have known cases in which it is harder to get a man who is a member of a club to church than if there were no club at all, because the public opinion of the club was against church-going.

In all our work and thought and reading, we must realise more to ourselves the powers of the world to come concealed in the Church, as, for instance, the converting power of the

## The Wickedness of Sloth

HOLY GHOST, the power to change character, to give an entirely new point of view, and to make us new men in CHRIST. Look at the picture of our LORD taking the fish and the loaves and multiplying them—a few little loaves and a few small fishes—and making them suffice for so many. With what extraordinary power He takes them into His hands and makes such apparently useless things suffice! This power in the Church must still exist. Once fully liberate it, and we should soon have cause for a fuller burst of thanksgiving, the Church on earth, with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, praising the LORD's glorious name.

Nor must we leave out of sight the intercession rising in the other world. This mysterious power of intercession goes on after death. The Church is still one—one in power and belief, one in faith, hope, and love.

Let us organise our days, then, that nothing be lost; let all our time be marked with the mark of the Cross. Let us remember how near our LORD is to us. Let us make every effort in our power to be ready to meet

## The Wickedness of Sloth

Him. Then when the knock comes at last, when the Master really has come back, we may humbly believe that we, even we, may hear that loving voice say: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."



III  
TO CHURCH-WORKERS



# I

## THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

*(St. Luke's, Old Street)*

“ Giving thanks always for all things.”—EPH. v. 20.

DURING the war every week I have to face the dark shadow which has robbed many of their happiness, dimmed many hopes, and prevented some from believing in the love of God. That shadow is death. The army of the dead “ goes by, and still goes by.” Every single day thousands pass into the other world. Yet there is no reason why death should frighten us, there is no reason why it should rob us of our joy, because our dear ones do not really die. “ He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.” All these young lives that pass by hundreds into the other world do not cease, they do not come to an end, because of death. He that believeth in CHRIST does not die. And the life promised is one that

## The Problem of Suffering

young men can enjoy, for our LORD knew perfectly well what was in man. "JESUS, beholding the young man, loved him"; and He loved all those young men passing in the prime of life into the other world, and they live to-day, redeemed, restored, forgiven, a life they can enjoy, purified in character, spiritualised in vision. That is what He has prepared for them, and what He has prepared them for. I am sure, when that most dear old man, Lord Roberts, was laid in his grave at St. Paul's, that you would have seen there was nothing but what was beautiful in death. I felt the note of triumph in that last prayer as I prayed it over him, and when the band played the Funeral March, it was with a burst of triumph that we laid to rest the finest gentleman and one of the greatest soldiers that we have ever had.

But I have to face with you something much more difficult than the mere fact of death, and if I can make you feel you can thank God now in the midst of this, you will feel that you can thank God in anything. It is *suffering* that we have to face. Suffering is much worse



## The Problem of Suffering

than death. I was present the other day by the side of one of those sick-beds to which I am so often summoned in London. The wife was terribly tried at the sight of her husband's suffering. "It is not death I mind," she said—"I could bear that, though it leaves me with two children. I could bear that, I could bear his dying, but not seeing him in agony, hour after hour, day after day, dying of this cancer in the prime of life." That is what seems so cruel, and those who have come back from the battle-field, especially the chaplains who come over, say the same. It is the sight of the mass of wounded that affects them; thirty thousand English wounded have passed through Boulogne alone, some of them wounded in four places. A young officer said to me the other day: "Well, Bishop, after six months' continual fighting, it is a rest to be shot." That is a pathetic thing to hear from a young man of thirty-two. It is not the deaths—there have been hundreds and thousands killed out there—it is not the deaths that shock, so much as the sight of the wounded. It is the suffering of the world.

## The Problem of Suffering

which robs many of their faith, and which makes hundreds more, who do not express it, doubt the love of God.

Now do not imagine for a moment that I am going to explain everything. I think that, if there is one more contemptible being than another it is the professional reconciler of all difficulties; it is the man who pretends to explain all the mysteries of life and death. As is said in a little book you can get for a shilling, "Sermon in a Hospital,"\* "We suffer: why we suffer—that is hid with God's foreknowledge in the clouds of heaven." But, while we do not profess to explain all this great mystery, there do come from the clouds flashes of light. You know how on a dark, cloudy day towards the evening there comes sometimes a flash of light from under the cloud. It does not remove the cloud, but it illumines it, lights it up, and the gleaming mass becomes a cloud of glory. Are there any flashes of light that come from under this cloud of suffering in such a way as to light it up? I am going to try to show that there are.

\* By Mrs. Hamilton King.

## The Problem of Suffering

For if any of you have worked for twenty-five years in London—some of you have, I know, worked for a long time—you must know this, that the problem of suffering robs people of their Christian joy more than anything else in the whole world.

1. Now the first flash of light is this, that pain is a *great danger-signal* which preserves life. A workman takes up an apparently harmless piece of white iron. It is white-hot. Instantly the pain makes him drop it. If there was no pain, his hand would drop off in a few moments. The pain has saved his life. A poor woman suddenly feels a pain in her lungs. She sends for a doctor. He comes and saves her life. But it is the pain that really saved her life. She never would have thought of sending for a doctor but for the pain. When the doctor comes, it is the pain that guides him. If he can relieve the pain, he has relieved the illness. When we get over our illness we are thankful to the doctor and nurses and the friends who came to see us. We forget to thank the pain which stands behind the door, and is the real nurse who

## The Problem of Suffering

saved our lives. We see, then, at once that pain is something by no means wholly evil.

2. But perhaps you will say: "Yes, but, of course, it is not the pain that troubles us; it is the disease which causes the pain. It is quite true that pain is a danger-signal." Let us look a little more particularly and clearly at this. What are we demanding? That there shall be no death at all? Do you suppose that the sum total of human happiness would be increased by having no death? If there were no death, the original set of human beings would be on the earth to-day, still growing older and weaker. Or if, by a miracle, you had taken away from old age its weakness, still there would be the same people, the same inhabitants of this planet as first inhabited it thousands of years ago. But where should we be? Where would the last generation be? Where would the people created for the last three or four thousand years be? They could not have existed at all. Before you condemn God's plan, consider whether you have a better one. Could you manage things better than God does? Just

## The Problem of Suffering

see what God's plan is. It is this: A generation comes and then passes gradually away, and there is room on the earth for the creation of millions of fresh souls in every decade. We are for a short time here in this school of trial and training, and then pass into the eternal tabernacle, the eternal mansions, for ever. That is God's plan. His plan is that the grandfather should just live long enough to have the grandchild on his knee; that he should be able to see the dear little face he loves ready to take his place when he is gone, and then he should be able to say: "LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," and pass contentedly and happily into the better world. That is God's plan. God's plan is death, and we have got to produce some better plan, some other plan, if we challenge it. Would our plan of no death produce greater happiness in the world? Millions and millions and millions now happy in Paradise could never have lived on our planet at all but for death. Therefore the more you look into it, the more you see in this arrangement of life through death, one generation gradually

## The Problem of Suffering

passing, and another gradually taking its place, that God is justified in His sayings, and clear when He is judged.

Well, if there is to be death, there must be disease. What is disease? Disease is the gradual pulling up of the tent-pegs that hold the tabernacle, to make way for the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Our earthly tabernacle is to be dissolved. As the outward man decays, the inner man is renewed day by day. And this gradual illness or growing weakness is very often a gentle hand pulling up the tent-pegs, that the house not made with hands, which shall never be pulled down may be created. Sometimes it is a great wrench. That is the difficulty. But more often death comes very gently. We are born into the other world, as has been beautifully said in a book called "The Gospel of the Hereafter";\* we are born into the other world, as quietly, in all probability, as we are born into this.

Therefore our difficulty is reduced to much narrower proportions than we thought it was.

\* By the Rev. J. Paterson Smyth.

## The Problem of Suffering

We are not quarrelling with pain, we are not quarrelling with disease; but what prevents us being thankful always in all things is that there is *too much* pain. We think there is more pain than necessary. Why should one person suffer from cancer for so many weeks? Why should one have so much more pain than another? That is a real difficulty.

I want to lead you to the one sight in all the world which enables us to endure this mystery. We have limited the difficulty to a very narrow thing. But, narrow as it is, it needs explanation. And I tell you perfectly frankly that I could not believe in GOD at all if I did not believe in JESUS CHRIST. As Dr. Liddon said, "My Christianity safeguards my theism," by which he means that his belief in GOD depends upon his belief in JESUS CHRIST being the SON of GOD. And when we see the SON of GOD—and never forget that "the right faith is that we believe and confess that JESUS CHRIST the SON of GOD is GOD and Man"—when we see the SON of GOD offering Himself on the Cross, when He

## The Problem of Suffering

says, "I thirst," "I thirst with this poor man left three days and nights on the battle-field," that is the answer to the problem of the suffering of the world.

"His are the thousand sparkling rills,  
That from a thousand fountains burst,  
And fill with music all the hills;  
And yet He says, 'I thirst.'"

If He were only a *man* dying on the Cross, well, it would be only another good man done to death. But it was God who suffered on the Cross, and He suffers with those brave men at the front. He says: "I will lie on this hard ground with you, I will share your rations, I will stand beside you in the fight." It was because Lord Roberts would not put on an overcoat, when he saw that his Indian troops had not got one, that he died. "No," he said, "they have no overcoats, and I will not have one." It was just like him. And that was why he was adored by the troops. So it was with CHRIST. We cannot explain the pain that He shares with us. He says: "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now." We cannot under-



## The Problem of Suffering

stand them now. "But," He says, "see the scourge falls on Me. I thirst." We must try to

"Take it on trust a little while,  
Soon we shall read the mystery aright in the full  
sunshine of His smile."

Then I have got an answer in the strength of which I can face the suffering of the world. I have got a flash from among the clouds which illumines the whole sky with glory. I was present with one who once worked among you, when he died of cancer. He was the author of "The Church's One Foundation." Just before he died he wrote these lines, and he sent them to me the next day:

" 'Tis peace in pain to know that pain  
Secured us pain's eternal end,  
And that the more exceeding gain  
To which by grace our souls ascend  
My great Redeemer won for me  
By more exceeding agony.

" 'Tis true my pain is still my pain,  
Heavy its hand on thought and prayer;  
But while that love to me is plain,  
It lays its hand upon despair;  
And now I know this faint 'How long?'  
For me may quicken into song.

## The Problem of Suffering

“ Beholding Thee, in what repose,  
In what still streams of Paradise,  
Beholding memories of the woes  
Still in those deep pathetic eyes !  
Ah me ! what blest exchange for pain,  
If I attain—if I attain !

“ Am I too soon in love with death ?  
I know not if 'tis ill or well;  
If ill, then, Master, stay this breath,  
Deny mine ear the passing-bell.  
One thing I ask, since I am Thine,  
Thy will be done—Thy will be mine !”

That is how a Christian should die—he can die and thank God in his pain because God has endured pain. To a little child whom I called into the garden one day, I said: “ You have to lie on your back for two years, if not more. It is the only chance of your getting well.” She looked up in my face—she was only thirteen, and as beautiful a child as I have ever seen—and she said: “ It is an honour, Bishop, to share God’s pain.” Why did she say that ? Why does her answer light up the cloud ? First of all, because it does away at once with the thought that we suffer because God does not love us, that God wills men and

## The Problem of Suffering

women to suffer because He does not love them. But also it does away with the perhaps still worse thought that this suffering is allowed because GOD is too weak to stop it. For, think, three days after our SAVIOUR died on the Cross, the Omnipotence of GOD raised Him from the dead, and JESUS cried in the book of Revelation: "Behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of hell and death."

It has done away with the idea that suffering is useless. Why, it was by this suffering that He redeemed the world, and the sufferers of the world are His bodyguard; they suffer with their Leader. They have been called into the closest connection with Him; they form a bodyguard around Him. Some of us who are His workers to-day may be promoted to be His bodyguard some day. Often those who give thanks always in all things, are the sufferers themselves.

Our LORD has come to them and asked: "Are you able to drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" Could they refuse? When He calls upon them to drink that cup with

## The Problem of Suffering

Him, they find that they would not part with it for the world. They find that whom the LORD loveth He chasteneth. And the pain is a sacrament which binds them to their LORD. That is what we find as we leave them after that last Communion when we parted:

“ They to CHRIST’s embrace,  
We to the toilsome world again.”

And so I think it better to take one special lesson for you to-night. We can thank God even for the fire, like those Three Children—as they are called—who were in the fire. The fire did not hurt them, and when Nebuchadnezzar looked into it he saw that there was Someone else with them, and the form of the fourth was like the SON of GOD. So we *can* thank God in the fire, and if we thank Him in the fire we can thank Him in everything.

“ Count your blessings, count them one by one,  
And you’ll be astonished what the LORD has done.”

I find that hymn sung more rapturously in East London than in any other place. I have seen the roofs of churches at missions almost lifted off by that hymn. Count your blessings,

## The Problem of Suffering

count your blessings to-day—your home, your chances of doing a bit of work in the Sunday-School, and the love of friends. Count your blessings. Let us go back to our work, brothers and sisters, determined, whatever we are called upon to face, to give thanks always in all things for ever.

## II

### THE RICHES OF THE CHURCH

(*Poplar Parish Church*)

“As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.”—  
2 COR. vi. 10.

WHEN the greatest comic paper in the world, instead of making us laugh, touches the springs of pathos, it generally gives us something to remember. In *Punch* in the autumn of 1914 there was a most striking picture of the King of the Belgians, with all his beautiful towns burnt, standing, with naked sword in hand, upright, and with a dark figure saying to him: “So you have lost everything.” With a splendid look upon his face, the King replies: “Not my soul! Not my soul: Brussels gone, Louvain burnt, Antwerp in ruins. I have lost it all, I admit that; but I have kept my soul.” If you saw that picture you would understand what it meant “to have nothing, and yet possess all things” in the admiration of the

## The Riches of the Church

whole civilised world, in the passionate love of his people, in the undying hope that some day he would have his kingdom again. God grant he shall. Or take that pathetic little figure of whom I have already spoken,\* a French refugee, who is now living in one of our English vicarages. She is certainly a pathetic sight. Was I not right in telling her that, though her home was burnt on the other side of the water, yet while the English Empire lasted, with all its unfathomable treasures, she possessed all things; that we would want before she should want; that every mother, every Englishwoman, was a mother or a sister to her; that every Englishman would die rather than that German soldiers should touch her? Although she seemed to have absolutely nothing, and has nothing but her violin, yet she possesses all things.

Now these two illustrations may help us to understand what St. Paul meant when he uttered what is called "a splendid paradox"—a paradox means, of course, something that you never expect, a surprising statement—"as poor, yet making many rich; as having

\* See p. 27.

## The Riches of the Church

nothing, and yet possessing all things." St. Paul was very like these two people of whom I have spoken. He had given up everything, he had lost everything. He had most brilliant prospects; he was a promising young Pharisee, with the world at his feet. Some might have come up to St. Paul after he had changed his name and was shipwrecked, and had been beaten and cast out for dead, and might have said to him: "Why, you have lost everything"; and he would have answered: "Not my soul." "But you have got nothing," they say, "nothing at all. You are dependent on charity." I think I can hear St. Paul say: "Am I? On the contrary, I know that *all things* are mine; things present or things to come, all are mine. And as for my sufferings, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.' " That would have been St. Paul's answer.

And therefore I want you to think over with me our possessions. I suppose, if I had said to anyone, "I am going down to Poplar Deanery," he would have answered, "You are



## The Riches of the Church

going to a very poor deanery." Well, we are not very rich in Poplar, but what I want to prove to you is that, while they are not very rich from a material point of view, the people to whom I am speaking are some of the richest people in the world. Now, what have we got down here ?

(1) The first thing we have—and I long and pray that all the Church people in London shall have it—is a *keen sense of honour*. I think that we sometimes make a great mistake about Christianity. It is sometimes looked upon as rather a weak affair. It is looked upon as something which teaches submission to anything and everything, which does not inculcate the manly, strong qualities. And that is, you will find, the opinion of many in the world. It is the opinion, certainly, of Germany. Many of their writers think that Christianity is an outworn creed, the religion of the conquered. But it is a great mistake. The New Testament does not supersede the Old; all the Old Testament virtues, such as courage, endurance—all pass on into the New. They certainly are raised to a higher

## The Riches of the Church

power, and are softened by a new teaching about forgiveness, of which the old Jews knew little. But they still leave the true Christian the strongest person and best man in the world. Look at our LORD; had any other such a keen sense of honour and such indomitable courage? No one in the world. A great poet has called Him "the greatest gentleman that ever breathed." Therefore let us make no mistake about it. I see signs sometimes in Church life that men are forgetting that we shall never grow the Christian graces except upon the ground of a keen sense of honour. We believe in honour; to us a treaty can never be a scrap of paper. When I find that, in order to get a little extra piece of ritual, a want of straightness is shown, or to get some party triumph in some appointment something not quite just is allowed in the Church, then I know that we are making the great mistake of our lives. You cannot grow the Christian graces except on the Old Testament foundation of absolute honour and straightness and perfect justice. And, therefore, do let us in all things great or small remember this, that our first posses-

## The Riches of the Church

sion is a sense of honour. "So you have lost everything." "Not my honour."

I remember an East London father saying to me: "Well, I don't go to church myself, but my son who does is the best son I have got." Now what a splendid testimony that was from the father! He had noticed that the son who was confirmed and went to church was the one who always brought his wages home, was considered the best son at home, the most considerate to his mother, the most respectful to his father; he was the best son he had. I cannot wish for a better testimonial to Churchmanship. Therefore in our Church we have this as our first great possession. We may be very poor, we may find it very hard to make both ends meet and to feed and clothe the children. But if you have got the answer of a good conscience before God, you have got something of more value than the possessions of all the millionaires in the world put together.

(2) Then, secondly, we must not ignore the blessings of possessing the *ordinary necessities and requirements of life*. Are we thankful enough for our common blessings? I

## The Riches of the Church

hope and pray that one result of the Great War will be that we shall all live a simpler life, and shall be much more thankful to God than we have been for our daily mercies. When a man, for instance, is thankful in the trenches for a cup of hot tea, how thankful we ought to be just for the ordinary food and raiment of life ! St. Paul says : “ Having food and raiment, therewith we should be content.” I hope this war will have its effect upon both sides of London. I believe the rich will find out—I hope they will—how very little is really required for a happy life. I hope that among the poor in the East End there will be an end of gnawing discontent, of a longing to be rich, and a diminution of the nation’s drink bill of one hundred and sixty millions a year, that standing disgrace to us all. And I hope, also, that among both rich and poor there will be a heavy blow given to that spirit of materialism that has been growing among all classes for the last twenty years. Do let us remember, you and I, to be thankful for the food and raiment God has given. When we contrast the peace and security of our own

## The Riches of the Church

homes with those ruined homes of Belgium and parts of France, we ought to be thankful to God every day of our life that we still have the honour of our homes safe. How three hundred and fifty thousand people can watch football matches every week, when the wrongs of these poor girls in France are unredressed and these homes are in ruin, passes my understanding.

“ For all we have and are,  
For all our children’s fate,  
Rise up and meet the foe:  
The Hun is at the gate.”

And if we do not display a new spirit of thankfulness for common mercies in bread and water and home, we have not learned the first lessons of the war.

(3) And then—and I am bound to think over what St. Paul would have taught us—the third thing that St. Paul was thankful for was the *pardon of his sins*. I think one of the most touching things in the world is to watch that naturally proud man heartbroken at the foot of the Cross. St. Paul was a proud and perhaps hard man, but when the Cross

## The Riches of the Church

smote him all was changed. The more you see the work of Grace, the more you see it is a real thing and a priceless possession which no man can do without. Go back to deepen the channel of the Grace of God, that it may flow among you like a silver stream from Paradise.\*

(4) And then we come to a possession much despised by the world, and not always thoroughly appreciated by the Church, and that is the *possession of the Church itself*. A man might say: "I believe in the Grace of God. Yes, I believe in that, and I believe in the forgiveness of sins; but I can read my Bible at home and say my prayers at home, and that is all I want." What that man has forgotten is the wonderful gift of the Church. Our LORD spent days and nights in solitary meditation and prayer for the world. He spent hours, which He might have spent in healing sick people, in teaching a handful of

\* As Charles Kingsley pictured the Song of the Brook, let the stream of grace seem to say:

"Undeiled for the undeiled,  
Play by me, bathe in me, Mother and Child."

## The Riches of the Church

disciples. At last he was able to utter a cry of joy: "Upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Church which He formed remained together at prayer in Jerusalem waiting for the gift on which their hearts were set. And then came Pentecost. The little body had been prepared. The tongues of fire and the rushing mighty wind came down on the waiting Church, and out went that united brotherhood to witness and die for the faith to the end of time. And we in our Church can go back without a break to that Church, meant to be the most loving brotherhood the world has ever seen, meant to be—as Mr. Carey in his book on Grace \* expresses it—meant to be the home of Grace, the sphere of Grace. He says: "You ought to come to the Church for Grace as naturally as you go to a garden for flowers."

And that is what you have got in the Church. How we should make the most of it! Each deanery should be a happy family. Is yours?

\* "Life in Grace," by the Rev. Walter Carey. Longmans.

## The Riches of the Church

Do you bear honestly one another's burdens ? That should be the Church spirit. One united family of God the deanery should be, and one united family the diocese is meant to be. I do ask you to see if you cannot realise more, and make more effective, the idea of a great Catholic Church, with all its Orders and branches and its meetings for worship, and especially that wonderful family gathering for the Holy Communion. I often myself think of the gifts bestowed upon the Prodigal Son—they illustrate what helps we have in the Church. When he came back, what did he have ? He was met with the father's kiss, and he had the robe, the ring, and the home, and the feast in the home, and shoes for his feet. And none of these things you get in their fulness except in the Church. The prodigal comes back; there is nothing but the Church that could give him the beautiful gift of the father's kiss, the sacramental outward sign of love. Then there is the robe in Baptism—"As many of you as are baptized unto CHRIST have put on CHRIST." Then comes the ring in Confirmation; you boys who are going to be soon confirmed will soon



## The Riches of the Church

have the ring on your finger, the seal of Confirmation; then the home, the happy family, all loving one another, the Holy Communion as the Feast in the Home ; and shoes for service; for no one is meant to be idle in the Church. Father Waggett once, when we were speaking together to twenty-five thousand people in America in a wonderful hollow of a hill where every word could be heard, said: "Remember there are no parlour cars in the Church of God. Everybody is meant to be a worker."

Do, therefore, try to think over what a happy thing it is to be a Churchman and Churchwoman. It may fall to us sometimes to join Nonconformist brethren, as I have done, in prayers in some great central hall—prayers for our country. Well, I took part for one or two hours in such prayer, but I came back feeling great satisfaction in the fact that I am a Churchman, and possess in those beautiful prayers of our Liturgy something which, for the deeper purposes of worship, are worth all the extempore prayers in the world.

(5) Then one more word, and it is this: The Church—does it end here, is it all over when

## The Riches of the Church

the communicant's body is carried down the church solemnly? Is that the end of the Church life? CHRIST speaks to the many mourners of London: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

The Church which we love and cherish here, *goes on without a break into eternity*. The whole moral character of GOD is pledged to immortality. People forget that it is certain that ever since the human race has existed there has been a hope of immortality. It is, further, certain that GOD would not have implanted in the mother that beautiful love for her son, or in the son that beautiful love for her, and then have disappointed both. It is impossible that the GOD and FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST should have planted in the human heart this undying love and deathless hope for nothing. Such a GOD we could not love, we could not worship. But we believe that we shall live again. Five minutes after death every child of GOD is the same as five minutes before. He is born into the other

## The Riches of the Church

world as quietly and peacefully as he is born into this, even if he dies a violent death. Therefore in the same spirit that we pray for them here we pray for them there, though with eyes dim with tears. The Church above is joined to the Church below by a link that nothing can break. Death is only passing from life here to life there, and from the fulness and happiness of life here, to the still greater happiness, and still greater fulness, of the life of the world to come.

Now if these things are true, are we not rich? If it is true that man, though poor in earthly possessions, after all has got enough; if it is true we have not lost our honour any more than the King of Belgium has lost his honour; if it is true that we have pardon for our sins, the shining of the light of life in a place of darkness and death, and that we can drink draughts of grace; if, too, it is true that we can look forward to the glories of the Church above with its happiness, companionship, and loving-kindness; if we know that a life of happiness exists in the world above—then I say that this old paradox is true: we may be poor,

## The Riches of the Church

but we make many rich. We may have nothing, but we possess all things; and this sense of richness and strength and happiness and glory should inspire your work; you should lift up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees.

What a glorious heritage it is to enter upon and enjoy! And may the sight of a united Church draw in all the outsiders who are watching the old Church! The Church in its early days drew in people by sheer attractiveness. They said, "See how these Christians love one another!" That was what converted people of old, and it will convert people to-day.

"Sing notes of love that some who hear  
Far off, inert, may lend an ear,  
Rise up and wonder and draw near;  
Live life of love that others who  
Behold your life may kindle, too,  
With love, and cast their lot with you."

### III

#### THE JUDGE AT THE GATE

(*All Hallows' Church, Barking*)

“Behold, the Judge standeth before the door.”

—ST. JAS. V. 9.

THE idea of Judgment to come is as old as human history. When I was going on that interesting journey to consecrate Khartoum Cathedral, along the upper part of the Soudan and then back through Egypt itself, I naturally took the opportunity of examining every tomb which I had time to investigate. Some of these tombs are at least a thousand years older than Moses, some older still. Now in nearly every tomb, and every temple, you find a picture of a figure representing the human soul standing before a Judge, portraying this idea, that at one time or other we all have to give an account of ourselves before God. This is one of the most ancient ideas of the human race. And, mind you, these ancient ideas, these

## The Judge at the Gate

deep-rooted instincts, always mean something. The prayer instinct demands God; the instinct of immortality demands a life beyond the grave.

Coming down to our own day, we see this illustrated in a story which seems at first sight irreverent. It was the remark of an old farmer in England. He had been told when his ricks had been burnt down, when his wife had died, and when he had lost all his money, that Providence had done it. The old fellow held up his hands and said: "That there Providence again! he has burnt down my ricks, and he has killed the old wife, and he has taken away my money. But, thank God, there's *One above* who will be down on him one day!" That shows the certainty in the human heart that there is a justice to come some time. This conviction lies deep down in the hearts of even uninstructed, unenlightened people.

Now the Christian doctrine of judgment takes up this old idea, this deep-rooted instinct, and tells the truth about it. Christianity comes, so to speak, into the old world with a new message, and it comes to explain

## The Judge at the Gate

what these old instincts mean. Revelation is to carry natural religion to a higher point. When you come to look at it, you will find, I think, certain distinctive, clear characteristics of the Christian doctrine of judgment.

(1) The first is—and this is absolutely unique that it is to be carried out by *a man*. God shall judge the world by that man whom He has ordained, by One who is Man as well as God. Browning gives us this in language which no one can ever forget after he has once heard it:

“O Saul, it shall be

A face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me

Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like this  
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the  
CHRIST stand!”

And just consider what a difference that makes. We are to be judged by One who thoroughly understands human nature because He Himself has shared it.

“Our fellow-sufferer yet retains

A fellow-feeling for our pains.

And still remembers in the skies

His tears, and agonies, and cries.”

## The Judge at the Gate

He knows what some of us are going through now all through the country. He knows human sorrow and human grief. He wept by the side of His friend. He knows the peculiar temptations to which human nature is subjected. He knows how hard it is in a great crisis in the City to be scrupulously honourable. And, therefore, He is full of pity, full of compassion, for human nature. But, on the other hand, He knows what human nature can do. It is no use our going to the Judge who is also man, and saying: "Human nature made me do this; I could not help it; I had a body, and my body compelled me to do this." It is no use telling Him that, because He knows what the human body is. He knows the will's power of resistance. He knows the powers of the world to come within our reach, and therefore, the more you think of it, the more significant it is, that according to the Christian doctrine of judgment that judgment is to be carried out by a Man.

(2) And, secondly, it is to be carried out with *the most scrupulous justice*. Of course, even in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which



## The Judge at the Gate

is one of the oldest representations of judgment in the world, even there the idea of justice is beautifully portrayed. The soul is being measured in the most accurate balance. In the picture a feather is placed in the balance, showing how carefully the idea of accurate judgment was entertained in those old Egyptian days. But our LORD has explained to us in further detail how accurate this is to be. "And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." The man who received five talents would be expected to produce five, the man who had received one talent would be expected to produce one talent. According to our faith it was to be unto us. And therefore we who represent those who have had good chances, need feel no uneasiness, about the future of the downtrodden poor, whose children are sometimes said to be "damned into the world," as, for instance, in the home of some drunkard in Whitechapel; because they and we are in the

## The Judge at the Gate

hands of the most scrupulous and accurate Judge of the world. He knows precisely whether that child ever had a chance. It is a positive relief to know that everything will be taken into account, everything weighed in the balance. We are going to be judged before One who represents God as "the God of judgment, and by Him actions are weighed."

(3) And then, thirdly—and this is well worth pressing home, especially upon those who, like myself, are in a leading position in the Church, by the clergy, churchwardens, prominent Sunday-School teachers, and Church-workers—there is going to be at the Judgment *a complete reversal of human judgments*. If any of you want to read a really stimulating sermon, I would recommend you to read one of Dr. Mozley's University Sermons, called "The Reversal of Human Judgments." The preacher brings home in a most remarkable way the certainty that nothing will surprise us more at the Judgment than how absolutely wrong our human judgment has been. The man who has perhaps been a prominent person in the Church may be seen to be nowhere in the

## The Judge at the Gate

Day of Judgment. Some unknown, humble Church-worker whom the world has never heard of will shine forth as the sun. Possibly some of those whom in the parish we have despised as people who were not in our Church circle will come out with a force of character of which we have never dreamt, for it is the motive that is going to be the test at the Judgment. "Why he did it," will be asked of every man; not what he did, but why he did it. "Why was he ordained?" We ask this question of every Ordination candidate, we ask him as he stands before the Bishop: "Do you think that you be truly called by the HOLY GHOST to take upon you this office and ministry?" Why do we do this? Why do we carry on our work? Is it for self-glorification or for the glory of God? Why are you a Sunday-School teacher? Why do you take upon yourself this office and ministry? Is it for any motive except a truly unselfish motive of serving? Why do you give that big subscription? Is it to see your name in the subscription-list, or is it really to advance the cause of charity and love? Why do we do things?

## The Judge at the Gate

That is going to be the question pressed home by the Judge who stands before the door. And because I want to press this question home in all love, I say "remember behind all appearances that we are now before One with eyes like a flame of fire, who sees through all the motives of all we do and say, and looks to the real man and the real woman, the real person." What does JESUS think of me? Do let us press that home upon our consciences, and let us remember that there might be to-night, if the Judge came, a complete reversal of human judgments.

(4) And then we have to remember that *the judgment is always going on*. Sometimes, when some great man dies, we are astonished at seeing a full biography next morning in the papers. Perhaps some of us, in our innocence, imagine that someone has sat up all night writing a life of the man. Those in the secrets of newspapers know this, that the life has been gradually written for years, and when the man dies there is only the fact of his death to be put at the end, and there the life is. And if that is so with a

## The Judge at the Gate

biography in the papers, so also it is with the Judgment. Judas, we are told, went to his own place—the place that he had prepared for himself, the inevitable place; he could have gone to no other: he prepared it by his resistance or non-resistance to each temptation that came to him. And so we prepare our own place. Every judgment we make, every decision we take, every thought that we think, every word that we speak, prepares the verdict. It all goes into the biography, it all goes into the obituary notice. We are preparing the verdict on our life day by day and hour by hour, and when the sentence comes there is no chance about it, no arbitrariness; we go to our own place, the place we have prepared, and the sentence given us is the sentence we ourselves have pronounced.

(5) And then, fifthly, *this verdict is sometimes given before the Day of Judgment comes*. Now I believe myself that in this Great War we are in the middle of a great “day of God.” And these “days of God” only come once in a hundred or a thousand years, and come with extraordinary suddenness upon a nation

## The Judge at the Gate

or people. Before we know where we are, all the world, so to speak, is in the melting-pot:

“ Our world has passed away,  
In wantonness o'erthrown;  
There's nothing left to-day  
But steel and fire and stone.”

GOD only knows what is going to happen after this “ day of GOD ” is over. But what we believe is that, if we do GOD's will, if we ask His help, if in this crisis of the world's history as a nation we display sacrifice, fortitude, majesty and chivalry, then, when this “ day of GOD ” has lightened and thundered to its close, “ At eventide there shall be light.” And we pray for and believe that we shall have a verdict from GOD which will anticipate the Judgment Day.

These, then, are the special characteristics of the Christian doctrine of Judgment. Whether the verdict is anticipated or not, gradually it is being formed hour by hour, day by day, all through our life on earth ! But according to the teaching of CHRIST, there is a day coming at last, a great Day of Judgment, when everything will be known and all wrongs

## The Judge at the Gate

will be righted, and those who have been down-trodden will find redress; when the hypocrite will be seen to be a hypocrite, and the sham to be a sham; a great day when at last there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; when, after the Judge has been standing so patiently before the door, century by century, at last with a great crash the door will be burst in, and we shall turn round and see Him face to face. And there is nothing in the world can stop this; whether our lives are long or short, sad or merry, they all end in one way, face to face with JESUS CHRIST Himself.

Now that is a most tremendous truth; the Christian doctrine of Judgment in all its measured strength is one of the most terrific doctrines in the world. Does it mean that we are to be panic-stricken? Some teaching would make God's children and fellow-workers miserable and unhappy in their daily life. But the Judge that stands before the door is JESUS CHRIST Himself, our loving SAVIOUR, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And we are meant to have "joy and peace in

## The Judge at the Gate

believing." We are told that we ought to have "freedom of speech" in the Day of Judgment, not to be tongue-tied, as the Greek word means, and, therefore, we absolutely misunderstand the Christian doctrine of Judgment if it keeps us miserable, unhappy, and terror-stricken, in our life in the Church on earth. No; how beautiful it is to think that the Judge who stands before the door, every day outside our homes, outside our Church, waiting for us to invite Him in, is CHRIST—"CHRIST in you the hope of glory"—that He is ready to come in now to work with you in your Sunday-School work, your district visiting, your clerical work! The Judge is still the SAVIOUR. "Even so, come, LORD JESUS." And everyone here who invites the Judge into his house will find Him no Judge, but a SAVIOUR, a source of strength and joy, a fount of everlasting strength.

No! this doctrine of the Day of Judgment was not meant to make us miserable or panic-stricken or fearful. But it is meant to make us feel the responsibility of life. If this be true, then everything matters, everything is of importance—every word we say in the



## The Judge at the Gate

hearing of the boys, or at the mothers' meetings, what our friendships are like, what our influence has been upon our friends. It matters greatly what our Sunday-School class has to say of us, and so it matters greatly whether we prepare our lessons or not; it matters greatly whether we control our tempers. For "every idle word that a man shall speak, he shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment." Therefore it does give a great importance to everything we say, or think, or do.

But, on the other hand, it seems to me one of the most inspiring, one of the most hopeful, doctrines in the world. I do not think we really could stand our London life if we did not believe in the Day of Judgment. It is so clear that we do not see justice done here; it is so clear that there are people who are down-trodden, and never have their wrongs redressed on earth. Dr. Dale, that fine Nonconformist preacher, asks, if there were no judgment, no punishment coming at all, what are we to say about the smooth-faced villain who betrays some innocent girl, and who in this life meets with no retribution? It is a positive relief to

## The Judge at the Gate

the conscience to know that, however much it may involve ourselves, there is a day coming, a day when wrongs shall be righted and justice done. And what a cheer it is to think that the unknown good of whom the world thinks nothing one day shall shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their FATHER in heaven.

“ One feast, of holy days the crest,  
I, though no Christian, love to keep,  
All Saints’—the unknown good that rest  
In God’s still memory folded deep;  
The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
And scorned to blot it with a name,  
Men of the plain heroic breed,  
That loved Heaven’s silence more than fame.

“ Such lived not in the past alone,  
But thread to-day the unheeding street,  
And stairs to Sin and Famine known  
Sing with the welcome of their feet;  
The den they enter grows a shrine,  
The grimy sash an oriel burns,  
Their cup of water warms like wine,  
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears  
An aureole traced in tenderest light,  
The rainbow gleam of smiles through tears  
In dying eyes, by them made bright,

## The Judge at the Gate

Of souls that shivered on the edge  
Of that chill ford repassed no more,  
And in their mercy felt the pledge  
And sweetness of the farther shore.”\*

Those are the people who will shine forth like the sun in the Day of Judgment !

I would ask you, then, both as a Church and as individuals, to press home this great truth upon your consciences. How do I stand in view of this tremendous Christian doctrine of Judgment ? What ought I to alter ? What must I mend ? What must I put right in my thoughts, in my words, actions, and my motives ? How does my home stand the test ? Is it a happy home, and if not, is it my temper that is wrong ? Am I the good husband, or wife, or mother, or child, or brother, or sister, that I might be ? The Judge stands before the door of my home. What would He see wrong in it if He entered to-night ? Moreover, He judges us as citizens. The Church in London does not take its citizenship seriously enough. Who are the chief people on half the great municipal bodies in London ? Not members of our

\* J. R. Lowell, “All Saints’ Day.”

## The Judge at the Gate

Church. But, after all, it is the business of the Church to see that a proper milk-supply is brought in for the children of London, and to see that houses are sanitary, and to see that justice is done, as far as it can be, in our city life. What are we as citizens in the sight of GOD ?

And, lastly, He judges our Church work. CHRIST knows what a sacrifice it is to be Sunday-School teachers and Church-workers, and He blesses you for it. But He wishes to perfect your service and get rid of anything like jealousy between Church-workers, anything like a selfish motive that is spoiling it. He wants it to be perfect in the eyes of GOD. "Behold the Judge standeth before the door." Let Him search us as a Church, search us in ourselves, that so, when the CHRIST comes at last—and He is coming—we may all turn round redeemed, restored, forgiven, and welcome Him with the glad cry, "Even so, come, LORD JESUS."

#### IV

### BEARING THE CROSS

(*St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*)

“JESUS went out, bearing the cross *for Himself*.”

ST. JOHN XIX. 17 (R.V.).

IF some of you have taken your holidays abroad, you will remember what a shock it was to come, in the midst of the lovely scenery of some beautiful Swiss valley, upon a cross. It seemed at first sight out of place. Here were lovely flowers, the sound of the bees, the open forest, the beautiful mountain; and there, in the very midst of all this beauty there was a cross, and much more frequently than a cross a crucifix—a Figure agonising in pain on the Cross in the midst of flowers, in the midst of mountains, in the midst of beautiful scenery.

It seems to me always, that when in the circle of the Christian year we come to Septuagesima Sunday, we are like people who have

## Bearing the Cross

turned the corner, as it were, into a valley, a long narrow valley, and there at the top of it stands the Cross on Good Friday. The picture which the Church puts before us in the week after Septuagesima is the picture which I pray the HOLY SPIRIT may bring home to us—JESUS the SON of GOD going up the valley towards Calvary, carrying the Cross for Himself. The sight is a terrible shock. We sometimes speak of people being Gospel-hardened. We do not mean that they are wicked, but that they have been so accustomed to wearing the Cross on their persons, or hearing about it, that they are hardened as to what the Cross really is. They do not realise what it is. The Cross is a horrible thing. We have an awful shock when we see it in the midst of a Swiss valley. It is a hard, unromantic thing—two pieces of wood, rough and full of splinters, a thing of shame, a thing meant for criminals—there is nothing romantic at all about it. We have been shocked lately when we have had brought home to us the realities of war, when a whole trench is blown up and a battalion exterminated—that happened the other day—

## Bearing the Cross

we sicken at the horrible carnage—no other word describes it—or when a ship is sunk with all on board. It is simply horrible, and that is what the Cross is. It is a horrible thing—blood-stained, rough, the old gallows, and nothing else at all.

I. And, therefore, I want you to take in at once what a shock it is, or ought to be, at first sight, to see the SAVIOUR of the world, the SON of GOD, carrying a Cross at all.

“ His are the thousand sparkling rills  
That from a thousand fountains burst,  
And fill with music all the hills.”

Here is the One “by Whom all things were made, and without Whom was not anything made that was made,” and you see Him going up the valley carrying the Cross for Himself. To see it is a most terrible shock. And yet I stand here to preach to you, that without that sight the world, and especially the world to-day, would be simply intolerable. I feel the deepest sympathy for those young wives who become widows in a moment and entirely lose their faith. I have met with two in the last month who have said to me: “Do not talk to

## Bearing the Cross

me about religion; you told me, and I have been told in my childish days, that there is a God of love. I prayed for my husband every day—day and night.” They have given up all prayer now, and forbidden the name of God to be mentioned to them at all. And I feel myself that I should be one of them but for the Cross. The paradox is this, that the horrible thing, the shocking and awful tragedy, is, to use Mr. Gladstone’s words, “the one central hope of our poor wayward race.” It tells us in the first place of the redemption of the world from the madness of despair. That is what people do not realise to the full. Without it we are holding up hands in the darkness, and our nightmare was leading us to imagine that there was a God who did not care. The earth was whirling on a devil’s dance through space. I will defy anyone who watches millions being slaughtered to keep his faith in God, unless there is some kind of answer from Heaven, some visible proof, to prevent us being lost in a nightmare of despair.

(1) And what I say to you, and what I want to pass through you to the people whom you



## Bearing the Cross

teach, is the first glorious answer from the Cross—"God cares." Tennyson pictured the idea of those who control the world lying on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind. The sinking of ships and the hands uplifted in vain were all nothing. Now, while we hold on with both hands to the central doctrine of Christianity—the glorious truth of the Incarnation, we have got our first answer, and the only answer which can be found in the whole world. God on the Cross says: "See, the blood blinds My eyes, the scourge falls on Me ; I suffer."

I do not know how it is with you, but that is the first thing that helps me. There are things I shall never understand in this world, but this is something to hold on to. If I lose my nearest and dearest, if I am dying, or am like those young fellows blinded and crippled for life, as hundreds of them are, I have got something which I can hold on to through the darkness—"God cares." He says, "I came into the thick of it myself," like some great general who in a hard campaign will lie on the ground with his troops and stand in

## Bearing the Cross

the thickest of the fight and bear the worst. So I get from my General His answer: "I bear the worst of it with you. Take it on trust a little while. There are many things I have to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." He said those very words. He must have meant: "I cannot explain why it is such a hard point; you would not understand it. I can do one thing: I can suffer with you. I can go ahead bearing My own Cross."

(2) But, more than that, the Cross relieves us of a second source of almost as black despair, and that is the belief that, when some tremendous loss or blow or pain has come upon us, it is *because GOD wants to punish us*. I heard of a poor woman who was in church when I was preaching one Sunday. I am told that she never for one moment took her eyes off my lips when I was speaking. She is possessed of this idea, that her husband was killed at Antwerp because she had done something wrong—that he was killed as a punishment to her. God grant that the HOLY SPIRIT enabled me to say something to her that helped her in her despair, because the second

## Bearing the Cross

ray of light that comes from the blood-stained Cross is that this idea is often entirely false. Here, hanging in the darkness of Calvary, was One who might have been thought by some to have been accursed of God, forsaken of men. On first catching sight of that Cross, the old gallows, in the darkness, you might have thought that He who was hanging there was accursed. He was "made a curse" for us. But was He really hated of God? Why, over the Cross all the time, like a kind of trumpet-note, there was ever echoing from heaven this tremendous verdict, "This is My beloved SON. This is My beloved SON. This is My beloved SON, in whom I am well pleased." Well pleased. That was the answer.

A Colonel wrote to me the other day. He had lost both his sons on the same day; they had been killed. As he lived in the diocese, I ventured to write to him, and his answer was this: "May I not think that, as my LORD died for the world, and my boys have, up to their ability, died for the Christian faith and for their country—may I not think that CHRIST will welcome them as His comrades in

## Bearing the Cross

arms as they come into the other world?" One of them wrote to his sister from the trenches: "I feel as if I were in some great cathedral, with the presence of God all round me." I believe that not only will CHRIST welcome them as comrades in arms, but over every one who dies in this war with his face towards the foe, if he dies in CHRIST, will be said those words: "This is My beloved son. This is My beloved son. This is My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

(3) But more than that: from this blood-stained Cross, carried so painfully up the narrow valley, we get another marvellous source of comfort. If they have repented, if they are at peace with God, if they have turned from their sins and the offences of the past, *they die forgiven*. I had the other day one of the most pathetic letters I ever received in my life. It was from a man who had been through this ordeal, and he had come home wounded. I had never seen him, but he had read one of my very simple mission-books. He wrote and poured out, I need not say as a sacred confidence, the

## Bearing the Cross

whole story of his life. And the one longing at the bottom of his heart—he had never spoken of this to a soul before—was that he might be forgiven. Now notice this: Here was a man who had again and again struggled against his temptations, and again and again fallen. In the great Day of God, when everything came before him, he saw himself as he really was. And the deep longing of that human heart was to be forgiven. He said, like St. Peter, “Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O LORD.” If any one of us gets as far as that prayer, we have gone a long way. The difficulty is that we do not see ourselves as we really are. Remember the Eyes of Flame searching us, reading us, looking behind what all of us have to say. What is the worth of your service? What is the worth of your Sunday-School teaching? What does it really cost you? Is there any jealousy between Church-workers? Is your service spoiled by some wrong motive? You must see to that, and say: “Depart from me, O LORD for I am a sinful man.”

Well, the dear brother of whom I speak saw

## Bearing the Cross

this. He did not think he could be forgiven, nor could he have been but for the Cross. For you cannot undo what you have done. You cannot make the years that the locusts have eaten live again. It is very hard to explain why he or any of us can be forgiven because of the Cross. We can see a little way. We can see that no King—our own for instance—can abolish prosecutions for crime, because, if he did, the standard of the British Empire would go down. No Judge could say to a criminal: “I will let you go from the dock if you say, ‘I am very sorry,’” because the law and the standard of morality of the nation must be upheld. God must have the law satisfied, the broken law. He cannot let sinners off unless in some way the broken law is fulfilled and obeyed. And what we believe is that on the Cross the broken law of the universe was perfectly obeyed and satisfied, and that therefore we can be covered by the name of the Brother who has made us one with Himself, just like the prisoner under sentence who was released because of the good name of the regiment that covers him. All this

## Bearing the Cross

helps us to see a little way into the mystery. But the more books I read on the Atonement, the more I think, not of any theory of the Atonement, but of the fact of it. And I was able to write to tell that brother that because of this ugly, blood-stained, horrible thing which was carried on the shoulders of JESUS up the valley, he could be forgiven.

And it is not only the soldiers in the trenches, but the Church-workers of every deanery, who ought to be quite sure that they are at peace with GOD through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Go down on your knees, as St. Paul did, with tears of gratitude in your eyes, and say: "He loved me and gave Himself for me." It is the Cross that melts the heart.

(4) But more than that; I have myself deeply considered what is puzzling so many people to-day: How can a thing which, as far as we can judge, has been brought us by nearly everything that you must call the influence of the devil also be brought us by GOD? We must be very careful—and I have said this often—not to hate the German people. We have got to love our enemies if we are to practise

## Bearing the Cross

the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST, and to be quite certain there is not also something in ourselves which may have led to the greatest crime of modern times. But, still, when we have said all that, it is certainly my conviction, and I believe it is the conviction, I am glad to say, of most thinking men and women in the civilised world, that it was the men and organisations and a fatally false philosophy in another nation which is largely responsible for what is going on to-day. How, then, could this thing also come from GOD? I look at the Cross of JESUS, and it gives me the answer. Everything that brought Him the cup of suffering was from the devil. The treachery of Judas, the pride of Caiaphas, the ambition of the Jews, the weakness of Pilate—they were all devilish, and all helped to bring Him the cup. But when it comes to Him, He looks up into His FATHER's face and says: "The cup which My FATHER has given Me, shall I not drink it?"

And if we were to ask Him with regard to this Cross on His shoulders which He carries before us to tell us who put the Cross on His shoulders, I feel quite certain of this, that He



## Bearing the Cross

would tell us nothing of Caiaphas, or Pilate, or Judas. It is extraordinary how all these vanish out of sight when the great tragedy is over. He would undoubtedly have said: "The Cross which My FATHER has given Me to bear, shall I not bear it?" And, therefore, it is not only those whose nearest and dearest have passed away who are bearing the Cross to-day; there must be among us some who are thinking of other crosses—some terrible domestic cross which almost wears them out; who have some daily tragedy at home; who are enduring some temper in the home that is making the home a hell; or some long lingering illness, perhaps unknown to anyone else, which will be with them till they die. I do not attempt to explain this to you or to put my finger on this or that secondary cause; I ask you to look behind all these things, and, while bearing that cross, to say with your SAVIOUR: "The Cross which my FATHER has given me to bear, shall I not bear it?" And I believe that if you say that, you have converted a thing which would by itself produce bitterness and discontent and irritability into something that will

## Bearing the Cross

make you holy and pure and CHRIST-like. The Cross, you remember, hardened one thief, but it softened another into a saint of God.

II. Now we have come to the point, *How are we to carry our cross?* And the first thing is to watch very carefully what our SAVIOUR did. (I) And we see that He went out, carrying the Cross *for Himself*. We spend so much time and trouble trying to get rid of our cross, or to get someone else to carry it for us, that we do not realise that the first thing to do is to take up our cross ourselves and carry it for ourselves. Bear one another's "burdens," but every man must bear his own "load"—the words are different in the Greek. The parish priests must bear the burden and responsibility in their parishes; they must not try to shift that burden on to someone else. And I, though so unworthy, must walk under the great burden of the London diocese. There rally round to help me gloriously my dear brother Bishops, the Archdeacons and Rural Deans. But I must bear my own load every day. Do not try to part with that cross. Pray even as CHRIST did

## Bearing the Cross

that this cup may pass from you; but when it comes down on your shoulders it is *your* cross. And, whatever happens in other worlds, as far as we know, we shall never again have a chance of suffering with CHRIST. We shall never have a chance of bearing the cross with Him again, and we shall be ashamed in the other world when we see the marks of the Crucifixion on His hands and feet, and never a mark on us at all during our life on this star of suffering. Do not part with your cross that is going to make a saint of you.

(2) But, while each of us must bear his cross for himself, we can all have the beautiful *help of human sympathy* which JESUS looked for when He looked round to see where His disciples were. They were sleeping, instead of watching with Him and aiding Him with their earnest prayers. And that is why I say we must get rid of parochialism, and the idea that every parish need only think of itself. If you all bear one another's burdens, and, more than that, rally round every tempted, sorrow-stricken person, and make them feel that they have loving brothers and sisters—your deanery

## Bearing the Cross

will be a great loving family, with no one lonely in it. If there is a lonely person in the deanery, the Church has broken down. You must be a loving brotherhood, and by becoming so you will help me to make the London diocese a loving family. There will be then no jealousy between workers or between parishes. Let us show the people outside how we Christians love one another. That is what they did show in the old days.

(3) And then, besides the sympathy in this world as between members of a loving family, what about the other world? Are we to think nothing about them? "If I pray My FATHER," said our LORD, "He will send Me more than twelve legions of angels." And one angel did come—"an angel came and strengthened Him." And those loving souls in the other world, shall we forget about them? Do you suppose that that son who has died has passed from God's love? God loves His own to the end, and He loves that boy, and has him in His care. I am certain of this, that in the Church of England we lose immense strength and much comfort by ignoring the other world.

## Bearing the Cross

as we do. There are millions of saints and angels in the other world—they are very near us, and all part of the same Church in the Kingdom of Heaven. It is quite true that we must avoid the old mistake of a cult of saints, which gradually took the place of the cult of the King of saints. But we must not be afraid to pray for those who are gone into the other world, or to believe that they most lovingly and constantly pray for us. St. Augustine said in beautiful Latin words, “The Church above loves and helps its pilgrim brothers,” and we must never forget them. We may think of them as loving brothers, the saints on earth and the saints in heaven. It is a truth of sound theology that you can never ask for grace from anyone at all but from God Himself, but looking for prayers is not looking for grace. By sympathy, then, we may bear the cross for others, as Simon the Cyrenian was allowed by our LORD to bear His Cross. Throughout the whole early Church Simon was held in great honour, “the father of Alexander and Rufus”; even his sons were thought a great deal of, because they were the

## Bearing the Cross

sons of one whom the LORD allowed to bear His own Cross.

And that is the meaning of a beautiful experience which often happens in the world. Hands which we cannot see have lifted our cross, and fingers that we do not feel give us a mysterious comfort; people who have been through agonies of grief feel nearer GOD than they have ever been before. The real secret is that someone whom we shall some day see with our eyes is lifting our cross.

(4) But the *greatest comfort* of all is that CHRIST will bear our cross with us. If you have not tried the central secret of the world, try it henceforth. It is only half true to say that "if a man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." The other half of the truth is: "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

I ask you, then, to fall behind the SAVIOUR as He goes up the long valley bearing the Cross for Himself. I ask you to take up your crosses, to bear them together, to rally round one another with a loving sympathy which we

## Bearing the Cross

have never fully known in the Church of God, to pray that you may never look back, but with set faces cling to the Cross and look up the long valley which spreads in front. All we see at first is dark, but look beyond the valley, and there is the shining Tableland of God Himself. Here shines already the glorious light of Home:

“ Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o’er,  
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.”

If we believed that, death would not terrify us as it does, either for ourselves or for those we love. If it leads up to the Tableland of Hope and Glory, it leads us and inspires us through the dark. And my promise in the Name of God is this: If you follow CHRIST bearing your cross, you shall follow Him at last to His eternal glory for ever.

# V

## HEAVINESS AND JOY

*(Islington Parish Church)*

“Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—Ps. xxx. 5.

THE great task of the Church in all ages has been to inspire the nation for its greatest tasks. It was so in the Jewish Church. Have not the Psalms begun to have a new meaning for us during the war? Do we not understand why they have been called “the war-songs of the Prince of Peace”? I chose this one for this purpose—“Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” That is the way the Jewish Church encouraged the Jewish nation in its greatest tasks. And the reason that I have chosen this particular message is, because our nation is engaged upon the greatest task it has ever been called upon to discharge for a thousand years, and we Churchmen are failing the nation unless we inspire it to



## Heaviness and Joy

discharge its glorious task as an instrument in the hands of God. We are fighting at this moment for the freedom of the world, for the right to live of every small nation in the world, for the recognition of international honour as the only chance for that future brotherhood of nations which, please God, we shall have one day, and for the Christian religion being the religion of the future for the world. And all the time the Church, which is the soul of the nation, has to be so full of hope, so full of charity, so full of confidence in God, so full of a belief that

“ The SON of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain,”

that we keep every soldier lad and every sailor lad who fights in this war full of the true Christian spirit, or we fail utterly. Are you failing the nation? You are if you are not keeping alive the right spirit in yourself.

And at present let me be perfectly frank with you. It is still night. That long four hundred and sixty miles' death-struggle is still going on. Those who are fighting, as we be-

## Heaviness and Joy

lieve, for freedom and righteousness and honour and Christianity are still outnumbered; the long death-agony is still going on, concealed from us largely at present in a cloud. The trenches are hell; London is becoming a city of mourners. One by one they pour into my room—mothers who have lost their sons, often their only sons; wives who have lost their husbands. The night is still on us. London, through which we can only just find our way, is a type or picture of the night in which we at present are. Some have lost their faith, and I find those my greatest difficulty. It was those who had prayed and prayed and prayed that their sons or husbands might come back that have felt it the most. They have ceased, some of them, to have any belief in God or to believe in His care. And even for those who have no special ones of their own in danger, the war is becoming a kind of nightmare. I want to face the fact that after many months we are still passing through the night, and I face it because my message is a message of hope to you. I want to leave you so full of the spirit of hope that you will lighten up

## Heaviness and Joy

the whole of your part of London and send a message of hope right out to those who live far away. The Church has always been at its best in the night. It is not in times of perfect prosperity that we have been at our best. If you inquire when missionary societies were started, when great schemes of foreign mission work which we see at work to-day were originated, it was in the night, in times of utter darkness, when people were face to face with worse dangers even than we have to-day. It was in the night when they were face to face with danger and desolation that the Church shone brightest and came to its best.

(1) That brings me to the first question. What is the first message of the Church to the nation to-day? It is a *message of penitence*. It is just because I believe that we are to be an instrument in the hands of God for the freedom of the world, and to prevent the greatest curse that could have happened, the enslavement of the whole world, that I have to ask you to help me to purify this instrument in the hand of God. Have we got anything to repent of as a nation? What about our

## Heaviness and Joy

drink bill, what about the night clubs, what about the way the Age of Consent Bill was talked out in the House of Lords? And—mark you—what about the things that underlie these things: the love of self-indulgence, the love of luxury, the carnal passions which are indulged? We have to go down on our knees, we have to induce the nation to go down on its knees, and repent of these things, and ask to be forgiven. “Purify us from any share we may have had in the cause of this present strife,” is the prayer I pray in my chapel every day. If as a nation we are to have victory, we must be a penitent nation, and if we as Churchpeople are to bring the nation to penitence, we must be penitent too. Do you think we have nothing to repent of? I am not here to speak flattering words to you, though I do thank God for your splendid enthusiasm and your missionary zeal up here, and the good work you have done as Sunday-School teachers, district visitors, sidesmen, and Church-workers. I thank God for you all. But I am here with you under the Eyes like a Flame of Fire. We have not come together to congratulate one another. We

## Heaviness and Joy

have come to ask to be made better men and women. And I ask you, as I ask myself, this question, Is there anything in you that is making you unworthy of being an instrument for good in this place ? What about your thoughts ? “ Search me, O GOD, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts.” Are you willing to lay everything before Him whose Eyes are as a Flame of Fire ? We have to ask ourselves such questions as these. I ask you: Is there any ealousy in your heart ? are you envious of some fellow-worker ? Are you fostering a party spirit in your Church ? Are your relations at home all right ? is yours a happy home ? If not, whose fault is it ? Is there anything under the name of friendship in your life that would not bear the Eyes of Flame looking at it ? Oh, pray before we leave the church this prayer of penitence: “ Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O LORD.” That was what St. Peter said when he felt the near presence of our LORD. “ Depart from me.”

I am perfectly certain of this, that we could not begin our Lenten work, our meetings, and

## Heaviness and Joy

services better than in the spirit of corporate and individual penitence. Penitence is not a pleasant thing. People speak sometimes as if it was. When someone exposes what you have done, or shows you the fault which you are ashamed to admit, it is a very humiliating thing. True penitence is most painful. It is easy to go down the road, but to go back step by step up the long track again, that is penitence. But the splendid thing is that the darkness of penitence lasts only for the night, and joy comes in the morning.

And I can promise you this, that if you start from to-day really determined to be better men or women, and not mind what pain or humiliation you suffer, or what trouble you take, you will have a joyous Easter, such as you have never known in your life. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy comes with Easter morning. And when you have taken these sins to the precious Blood on Good Friday at the foot of the Cross, and received pardon and peace, and then risen with CHRIST on Easter Day, there will be a strength and joy in your life you have never known for years.

## Heaviness and Joy

(2) And having begun with individual penitence, and having helped to bring the nation to repentance—not admitting for a moment that its cause is not righteous, for it is, but realising that a nation must repent of its own sins if it is effectually to fight God's battle—then go out with a good conscience and preach a glorious *message of hope*—yes, hope to poor little downtrodden Belgium, hope to those poor French girls who have fled over to us when their homes were burnt. We can preach hope, for already, though it is still night, the streaks of dawn are showing; already, I will venture to say, the war has done our nation good; already we see a spirit of service abroad: we see a glorious spirit of self-sacrifice among our young men and young women, flinging themselves into necessary service for the nation. After two months spent in camps with the soldiers, I can say never did I know the hearts of men turned to God more than now. From the trenches splendid encouragement comes. Listen to this letter—it is from one of two sons killed on the same day. They were typical young soldiers—grandsons, if I mistake

## Heaviness and Joy

not, of one of our old Bishops, Bickersteth. In this letter, written to his mother only a few days before he was killed, he says:

“ No man can die before or after God wishes him to, and not all the bullets and shells in the world will account for him till that time comes. It simply means, I trust, that the life which ceases on earth will be more useful elsewhere; and if one has trusted one's poor existence to CHRIST till now, why not all the more at the present time? I am confident, mother, that not all the enemy in creation can finish me till the time comes when one is needed elsewhere for higher work.”

He also wrote in his last letter to his sister:

“ I feel that entering this war is like entering a great cathedral, full of the presence of God and of prayer and praise.”

He was leaping out of his trench because he would not allow his captain to go alone, when a bullet liberated his own soul for that life-service in another world. When we think of the heroism of those two sons, and know that in their thousands such young men are crossing the sea, and that the terrible inequality of



## Heaviness and Joy

numbers within a few months will be rectified; when we see that the nations which still hold to the Incarnation are holding to one another; when we look at the justice of our cause, and remember what the great Abraham Lincoln said, "I do not ask whether God is on my side, but I do ask whether I am on the side of God"—and feel absolutely certain we are on the side of God; and when we look up to the sacrifice of JESUS CHRIST, the great Captain of salvation, laying down His life for the world—then we can understand what the father said of these two boys: "May I not think, as CHRIST died for the world, and my two boys have in their humble way given their life for the world, that CHRIST looks upon them as comrades in arms?" What a splendid letter! Yes, when you see this, then I can cry in the Name of the LORD to devastated Belgium and desolated France, and say: "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

(3) Then we have to turn to the mourners. There are many in London to-day. A dear old man came to me the other day all the way from Canterbury. He was only a joiner, and

## Heaviness and Joy

he and his old wife had spent all their savings upon their son, who was in my brigade. The son had told the old father what talks I had had with him in the summer, and so, when the son was killed, the old man came to me. There they were, those poor old people, all the light gone from their eyes, the prop of their old age taken away. And when you know there are thousands and thousands like that, you have to face the need of the mourners. Now, what I believe is this: We have not sufficiently preached the Gospel of Hope to the mourners. We have lost that happy view of the other world which cheered the martyrs. And if you and I are to preach a message of hope to the nation, we must go back to a much brighter view of death than we now have in the Church. We sing:

“ Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o’er,  
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.”

But do we believe it? Do we believe it, or are we not obsessed with the darkness of death, the horrors of death? We talk of the sleep

## Heaviness and Joy

of death, the pain of death, and have lost all the old faith and belief in the hope of glory, in the beauty of death.

“ It is not well that men should know too soon  
The lovely secrets kept for those that die.”

Is that gone out of the Church ? I believe myself we must not let the world slip back into looking on death as the great calamity. JESUS wept when He found His friend dead. We must mingle our tears as He did with those of the mourners around us ; but those dear young men, they are not dead. They were never more alive than five minutes after death. We know that they have memory, for Abraham said to Dives, “ Son, remember.” They still love their dear ones, still pray for them, still take an interest in all that goes on here. It was written of CHRIST that—

“ Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling for our pains,  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies and cries.”

So with these young men, they love still those they have loved on earth, and they live a

## Heaviness and Joy

fuller life than this, a more glorious life. JESUS, who knew what young men could enjoy, "beheld the young man and loved him." He has a life for those young men we are losing—a life they can enjoy, purified, redeemed, restored, forgiven. You will see them again with your own eyes, and they are near you now, for heaven is not far off, for we are told that we have *come* to the heavenly Jerusalem, where dwell the spirits of just men made perfect.

And, therefore, the Gospel we want to preach to the mourner is: "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

(4) And then we have to face another phase of darkness. I have had many brought to me lately who are in a special despair of their own. They have not lost anyone dear to them, but to them God seems simply far away. There has grown up a certain blackness and darkness between them and God. They have been accustomed to a life of prayer and Bible-reading, but now this horrible darkness has come over their souls. Now, are any of you—for I am seeking to encourage and help

## Heaviness and Joy

you, and not only to preach the Gospel of searching repentance—are any of you passing through that time of darkness? If you are, what are we to say to you? Why, we are to say this, “CHRIST passed through it first.” When He was on the Cross, did He not say: “My GOD, My GOD, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” Why did He pass through this extreme agony? As one of our greatest poets said:

“ It went up from the holiest lips  
Amidst His lost creation,  
That of the lost no son should say  
Those words of desolation.”

“ My GOD, My GOD, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” He went through it all. And there is not one of His humble followers, whatever the darkness may be, who need say those words. This darkness is a trial to perfect your faith as CHRIST’s faith was perfected. In this time of trial, if you hold on by faith and perseverance to your prayers and your Communions, though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. And just as with CHRIST Himself all the darkness passed away, and the light shone upon His soul

## Heaviness and Joy

again, and He said, "FATHER, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," so your darkness, if you patiently bear it with faith and perseverance, shall make way for a brighter day than you have ever known, perhaps a joy that shall never pass away.

(5) Then I think of one more species of darkness which is very prevalent to-day. I find some thinking people, even good religious people, who look on all we are passing through to-day as the death-blow of Christianity. They say: What is the good of all these Edinburgh Conferences about missions? What is the good of all these visits between Christian ministers? We have had German ministers visiting England, and English ministers returning these visits. And we have had all these missionary conferences going on for years. But when the war comes, it all fades away. There are many who are in a great state of spiritual distress, believing that Christianity has shown itself to be an absolute failure. They need an answer. We Church-people have to face these things. Some of the most earnest Christian people in England are troubled by this difficulty. The answer

## Heaviness and Joy

seems to be this: first, that the evil spirit which has provoked this war must be cast out before a treaty of peace can come, just as in the New Testament the evil spirit came out of the man and tore him in coming out. If peace is to come at last, there must be first the casting out of that evil spirit that has obsessed parts of Europe. We must have reliance of one nation on another's word, or there can be no brotherhood of nations at all. Further, do not forget that there are numbers of individual CHRIST-loving people in Germany of whom we hear nothing, but of whom we shall hear in the future. All those missionary conferences have had some effect. Dr. Mott met many missionaries in Berlin a few months ago after the war had broken out; he found that many of them had never heard of Bernhardt; such will be coming to the front after the war and co-operating with Christian people here, and we shall see then what the Christian spirit, when it moves, will do.

Further, we must not attempt to hurry God. Even God can only get out of each age the morality of which that age is capable. How

## Heaviness and Joy

could Abraham ever have had the heart to kill his son? That was the morality of his age, and God could only get out of that age the morality of which it was capable. Why did it take eighteen hundred years to suppress slavery, when all the principles of Christianity make slavery impossible? Because God had to work slowly with unregenerate human nature. The Church has lasted more than eighteen hundred years—why has it not done more? My answer is this: The Church has lasted nearly two thousand but it may last two million years. You cannot expect in the first two thousand years the perfect morality possible in the world which may become possible in another two thousand. God can only get out of each age the morality of which that age is capable. We have in the Christian Church all the principles which at last must make war absolutely impossible.

“When comes the promised time  
When war shall be no more?”

We have to pray and hope for that, and believe that it will come. But we cannot hurry God. “The mills of God grind slowly, but they



## Heaviness and Joy

grind exceeding small.” And there are worse things than war—for instance, national dishonour. What we have to do is to bear the night while it lasts, and fix our hope and our prayers on a glorious morning, when at last it shall be possible for God to make war to cease—

“ When war shall be no more,  
And lust, oppression, crime,  
Shall flee His face before.”

We are working for the great morning, and we must not lose our faith in the night.

And so my message to you is this: Be one Church. God is one. Cease to be too parochial; love one another. Let every parish help the next parish, all rally round one centre, have one united Church. Keep that Church of yours in touch with the wider Church of the diocese to which you belong. Let others learn from you. Let us have one splendid, happy family in London all working together, moving in one spirit, keeping that central soul of the nation, which is the Church, full of faith, full of hope, full of humility, that we may inspire the nation to have the same. And live out that hope in your own lives. Go on

## Heaviness and Joy

with your Sunday-Schools, your missionary meetings, district visiting, and prayer meetings, redouble them. When Rome was almost conquered by Hannibal, a grave old Roman patriot bought the land on which the Carthaginian camp stood. We have to buy up Hannibal's camp. We have to be so certain that we are on the side of God that we go on with all our missionary work, all our prayers, all our Church work, because we know that God is with us. And if we can carry on our work in that spirit, then, as certain as that the sun is in heaven, though heaviness may endure for a night, yet on the wings of the morning there will come at last a joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

## VI

### THE WAY EVERLASTING

(*Hammersmith Parish Church*)

“Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”—Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

I. THERE are many reasons which should make the Lent of 1915 the Lent of our lives. Such a Lent we shall probably never have again. (I) And the first reason is that *we are in a world of realities at last*. No one can ever speak a word that is unreal in the presence of the dying, because death is such a great reality. Here we are in a world of death. I have spent many Lenten Days with the mourners of the diocese. One after another in home after home has been killed. One of the brightest boys of the London Rifle Brigade was shot a week ago; and I have just had a telegram that one whom I have brought up as my own son enters the trenches for the first time to-night.

## The Way Everlasting

You will say a prayer for him, will you not, as for all the others? We are all living in a world of reality. The one person whom we cannot stand to-day is the *poseur*, the humbug, the charlatan. We have no use for him.

“ Our world has passed away,  
In wantonness o’erthrown;  
There’s nothing left to-day  
But steel and fire and stone.”

Steel and fire and stone are very real things, and therefore we ought to have at home that tremendous sense of reality which our men have at the front. They know what they are up against. Every day, every hour, they are face to face with death. If we are worthy to have such defenders, there must be a greater sense of reality in the Church at home than we have never known in our lives before.

That surface shyness which hides the religion of so many Englishmen has been melted at last. Men are no longer shy about their religion. In the two months I spent with our soldiers before they went out to battle, we had one hundred and thirty every Sunday at seven o’clock to the early Communion,

## The Way Everlasting

and one hundred and two gave in their names to be confirmed before they went to battle. It is the same out there. All that miserable shyness and timidity about religion has gone, please God, for ever. "There are few of us," they write, "who do not say some sort of prayer in the trenches." And the Communion Services at the front, with the noise of the shells whistling all round them, and the guttering candles dimly lighting the barn, with perhaps four hundred communicants—as there were for the Artists' Corps—all this shows how the true religious instinct of the Englishman has come to the front at last. Thank God that it is so.

So must it be with us this Lent. Do not let any one of us be ashamed to face the facts about his soul this Lent. Do not let any be afraid to drag from the very recesses of his heart the things that are staining or injuring his spiritual life and undermining his influence. Do not let him be afraid to go out and speak to those faithful parish priests who have been praying together with me at their Quiet Day that they may be more worthy messengers and

## The Way Everlasting

physicians to you and fishers of men. Respond on your part to our effort to help you better.

(2) And then, again, we are seeing more clearly to-day the *difference* between, I will not say between a true and a false religion—that would be unkind—but *between a weak and a strong religion*. I see the difference in those shattered homes, the religion of some has gone down like a pack of cards. “Not again! I have prayed for the boys, but they are shot; no more prayer, no more Bible, for me!” But on the other hand, I meet a mother, her eyes streaming with tears; both of her boys had died in the same week. “Well, Bishop,” she said, “I gave them to God when they were born, so I can’t complain.” Another mother whose splendid son had died in so gallant a way that the Germans themselves carried him and laid him down in the English trenches because he was such a brave man, was able to say, although her heart was broken: “He is always with me; I feel his presence when I kneel for the Communion. Before he went away we knelt together in a certain chapel, and he is still by my side when I kneel there.”

## The Way Everlasting

There you have the Communion of Saints in which we daily profess our belief triumphing even over the awful sense of loss. We are coming to see on this great day of God the difference between fair-weather religion which can stand no loss, no strain, and the triumph of Christian faith—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

(3) And then, again, it is quite clear that CHRIST is *passing through the world to-day in a very special way*. When you read in St. Matthew's Gospel the prophecy about the Great Day at the end of the world, you can hardly distinguish it from the prophecy about the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. Why? Because the destruction of Jerusalem was a Day of God. It was a coming of JESUS CHRIST to the world. It is the greatest mistake to imagine that He only comes at the end of the world. He comes in a special way again and again, and it is not so much that He passeth by as JESUS of Nazareth but as one with Eyes like a Flame of Fire. He comes to visit His people, and that is why we pictured Him together as present with us here and now.

## The Way Everlasting

And this constitutes the third reason why this is such a tremendous Lent, because He is so specially near. Now it is with His Eyes like a Flame of Fire on you that I ask you, my dear colleagues and comrades and fellow-workers, to pray the great Lenten prayer in His presence—the greatest Lenten prayer ever written:

“Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”

II. It is the greatest Lenten prayer, because the man who writes it sees the tremendous danger of self-delusion. There are many things, are there not ? which hide us from ourselves. (I) First of all there is *the opinion which our friends have of us*; and do not our honest consciences tell us as a rule it is much too favourable ? I believe many a man, many a woman, is hindered from really facing the facts about themselves by saying: “Well, I cannot be such a bad person when So-and-so thinks so much of me.” But does So-and-so know all about you ? I sometimes find, in that wonderful lesson in human nature



## The Way Everlasting

which twenty-six years of London life and work gives—I sometimes find a man, concerning whom both he and I know a good deal, buoying himself up with the good opinion of someone else, or some body of people whom both he and I know do not know *the whole* truth about him. This is a fatal form of self-delusion, not recognising that, if this particular truth about him were known, these people would not think the same of him. And therefore the danger of self-delusion is very great from the opinion of our friends.

(2) Then there is *our good opinion of ourselves*, our self-esteem. “I know nothing against myself,” says St. Paul, “yet am I not thereby justified. He that judgeth me is the LORD.” Are any of us, as the Eyes of Flame look down upon us and read us through and through—are any of us deceived by our good opinion of ourselves? Or take a very common thing, the standard of the place where we live or the people among whom we live. For instance, a man comes from a street in which no one goes to church but himself. Almost insensibly that influences his mind. He says: “I am

## The Way Everlasting

much better than the rest of them." Judgment must begin at the house of God, and what we have to remember, we who have to come out and become CHRIST's bodyguard, is that we have to judge ourselves at a time like this, and not others.

Therefore I ask you to pray with me to Him whose Eyes are like a Flame of Fire, pray that you may get behind what the world thinks, get behind what you think of yourself, get behind the public opinion of the place where you live. God will judge the world by the standard of that Man whom He has ordained; and the question for each of us is, What does JESUS think of *me*?" "Search me through and through." What does He see?

(3) That is the first prayer of the man or woman who wants to be penitent; but it is only the beginning. The voice of the man who knows human nature so well goes on: "Try me, and *seek the ground of my heart*." It is a commonplace to say that the motive determines the action. Of course it does. Why are you a Sunday-School teacher? Why do you give in your name as district visitors? Why are

## The Way Everlasting

you carrying the work on now ? What is the motive ? What is the groundwork of your life ? What is the motive of your taking up that position ? God grant it may be, as in numbers of cases it is—in nine cases out of ten it is—an unselfish desire to teach the religion that you love. I know what Sunday-School work is in a place like London. I know what it is for hard-working people, busy all the week, to give up their only day of rest to teach the little ones for CHRIST's sake. God bless you for it, every one of you. But we in Lent are not concerned so much with others as with examining ourselves. Why am I doing the work I am doing every day ? We must come to the groundwork of the heart. And this is exactly what this man does. He says to God: "Seek the ground of my heart."

And the question we have to ask is this: To whom does the ground of my heart belong ? To whomsoever it belongs, there will be plenty of briars to be torn out of it, plenty of tilling to be done. But to whom does it belong ? Is it really to develop ourselves or get a reputation for piety and goodness

## The Way Everlasting

that we are doing this, or is it not? Does that ground, after all, really belong to self, or are we really Christians, and have handed over that ground of our heart, with all its imperfections, to JESUS CHRIST Himself? He knows when He has looked into that heart. And when He enters that heart, is the ground which He beholds there holy ground? "My son, give Me thy heart," is His invitation. The whole world changes to us when He enters. Hand over this ground to the true Master. That is to make the whole difference. The question is, Did I help that person by what I said? Can I look back on the day and see someone I have helped and cheered? Is there any jealousy in my heart of others? Am I glad in my heart that the other teacher gets the praise? That is the question which settles to whom the ground of the heart belongs. And if we hand over the ground of the heart to-day, everything will be changed.

(4) But we have not nearly finished the questions yet. The inexorable voice goes on: "Try me; seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and *examine my thoughts.*" Examine my

## The Way Everlasting

thoughts. These thoughts are really what settle the character. There is many a man, many a woman, whom fear of public opinion keeps straight in their deeds and words ; good taste would not allow them to say this, and they would be ashamed of doing that ; yet in the thoughts of their minds they will harbour things, and dwell upon them, that they would be ashamed to own to their dearest friends. It is surprising what our thoughts will do. Thoughts settle the matter of what sort of people we are. We must have a firmer control of our thoughts than we sometimes have. The books that we read have an immense effect upon our thoughts. As Sunday-School teachers you must watch the books and papers that the boys and girls read ; nothing really affects their minds more than the pictures they see and the books they read. The Public Morality Council of London are fighting, and you ought to help us to fight, a very hard campaign, not against vulgarity—we cannot expect to turn vulgarity out of a great city altogether—but against any sketches or shows or films which leave a stain upon the imagination of the boy

## The Way Everlasting

or girl. We will not have it. We shall fight it to the end. This is a Christian city, and the question is whether we Christians are going to be masters in our own house or not. You are just the sort of people to stand up with us in this great campaign, which has gone on for many years. God grant we shall conquer at last.

Then we have also to consider our friendships. Why do friends make such a difference ? Through that friendship there has gradually come into your life-character a subtle influence. It is either good or bad. We are bound to ask, Is that friend really a good friend to me ? Am I a better man or a better woman for that friendship ? When wrong thoughts do come, remember this: if you do not accept a wrong thought into your mind, it is not yours. The Evil One is always throwing fiery darts at us, and some of the greatest saints in the world have been attacked by evil thoughts to their dying day. They have caught them on the shield of faith. Temptation is not sin; you will always be tempted to the end of your days. It is taking these thoughts in, dwelling upon

## The Way Everlasting

them, enjoying and indulging them—these are the things that ruin character. Therefore do let us pray, looking to Him whose Eyes are like a Flame of Fire: “Prove me, and examine my thoughts.” Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things. And do not read the books or see the pictures or seek the friends that will create those other thoughts in the mind.

(5) Then, once again, look well, and “see”—this man is going to leave nothing out; he means business; he means what he says—“*see if there be any wicked way in me.*” He realises this, that it is almost always one thing that is wrong; always one thing, one way left, when everything else is put straight. A man may have many kinds of excellencies and virtues, possibly real virtues, but all the time sometimes he leaves a narrow hidden trench or way behind. Dr. Jekyll, the benevolent, respected physician, whom all the world respects by day, suddenly changes his clothes, and, disguised as the little dwarf, Mr. Hyde,

## The Way Everlasting

runs down that hidden place at night. He that offends in one thing is guilty of all. That sounds a tremendously hard judgment, but the meaning of it is this, that to leave this one hidden weakness, this hidden way of wickedness, is to vitiate the power and the influence of the whole life. And, therefore, do ask, now we are in this world of realities, and are not dwelling on a smooth surface of congratulation, but have the Eyes like a Flame of Fire blazing down upon us—do ask: Is there any way of wickedness in me? Is there some indulged weakness, some jealousy, that I am indulging every day? Is there any impure habit of which no one knows? Is there any way of wickedness which, if I could only stop it this Lent, and put “Trespassers will be prosecuted” across it, would make all the difference and give a new power of influence to my life? “Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me.” I will pray that.

(6) And then comes that last glorious prayer, “Lead me in the way everlasting.” Religion is not merely negative. These “Thou shalt nots”—“thou shalt not do this or that”—are



## The Way Everlasting

only landmarks that mark the way that leads to life everlasting ! Here is the narrow way—life everlasting ! This is the life we are called to live now ; this is the glorious life. Why, what do you suppose we were born for ? I have often asked myself this question. There is only one answer : in order that so many more millions of people might sun themselves in the sunshine of God's own happiness. That is the real reason for anyone being created at all. God was perfect in Himself, but, in order that He might have living, sentient beings sunning themselves in the light of His love, He created us. And, also, it was for this purpose we were redeemed, that we might be set free to live this life. This was the very reason that the HOLY SPIRIT came down, that we might have power to live it. The reason the Church was created was that we might help one another not as isolated individuals, but as a united Church, to live the life everlasting. Father Congreve wrote in a preface to a book something that I think will help you. It is called "The Riches of the House." Here are a few words : "There are two kinds of pilgrims seeking

## The Way Everlasting

the same end. They have different starting-points, and seem to travel under different skies. The one seeks a heaven somewhere a long way off, to be reached, he hopes, at the end of his journey. The other finds himself there already, starts from heaven to find heaven, as he takes his first steps in the way there, for the way is CHRIST, and all his life in this world is to be lived in CHRIST, who is in heaven; and though the road be long and steep, he breathes mountain air all the time, and hopes to carry the sunshine of joy in his heart all the way." There it is, that is the life everlasting. It begins here. We are in heaven now, in the life everlasting. "This is life eternal, to know the only true God and JESUS CHRIST whom Thou hast sent." Do you all give the impression of living the life everlasting now, of living in heaven in the peace that can come from no one but God? We are all meant to be obviously living the life everlasting.

Go forward, then, on this joyous path that opens out before you. "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more

## The Way Everlasting

unto the perfect day." Though our feet are on the path of life everlasting, they will have to pass through the waters of death. Those who say they will not are mocking us. Yet you need not be afraid of death; death, to those whose footsteps are on the life everlasting, is only being born quietly into another world. Like Pilgrim in the "Pilgrim's Progress," you have to plunge through the water, but when you have passed over, all the trumpets will sound on the other side.



IV  
ON THE WAR



# I

## FORTITUDE

*(Marlborough College Chapel)*

“Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of CHRIST JESUS.”—2 TIM. ii. 3.

THERE is one virtue which is shining forth to-day, which is coming into its own, and that is the splendid old English Christian virtue of fortitude. We do not think so much of it in times of peace and prosperity, just as we do not see some of the best and most glorious stars in the light, but in the night they gleam out in their true brilliancy. And fortitude, of which we think so little in times of peace, gleams out in all its brilliancy in times of trial and darkness. And it is that virtue I want Marlborough to seize upon, to appropriate, to display, and to breathe into the nation to-day, for what the nation needs to-day is neither optimism nor pessimism, but fortitude. What are we fighting for? We ask ourselves again,

## Fortitude

as we near the close of the first year of this conflict, What are two thousand four hundred Marlburians fighting for? For what have one hundred and forty Marlburians died? For what have Bussell, Woodroffe, Roseveare, Maurice, and the rest, given their lives? For four things at least, one of which is that the Home of Freedom may not become a German province; and there is not a boy in Marlborough who would not die before that happened. And as I saw the thousands of English troops at the front, those lines which still stir the heart of an Englishman came to one's mind. I have quoted them before, but they will bear quoting again and again:

“ This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered ;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen of England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.”



## Fortitude

That is what Marlborough has got hold of; that is the spirit which animates this great school, and why we hear with pride that every boy who is of age and medically fit, and can be spared, has volunteered for service for his country.

But it is for more than that, for more than safeguarding the freedom of the Home of Freedom, that Marlburians, and others in this country, are in the fight, and that Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Africa, are pouring out their troops. Those who have died are martyrs; they have died for the freedom of the world, for the right to live of every little nation in the world, for nationality as opposed to tyranny; they have died to safeguard the freedom of the world. And more than that. We look, and, as a Christian Bishop, I am bound to look and pray for it always, for the time when war shall be no more. War brings out glorious things. Look at the landing in the Dardanelles, one of the finest feats of arms ever accomplished in the history of the world. But war is not to us a glorious thing in itself. We do not hold the

## Fortitude

gospel that war in itself is glorious. It is a blot on God's creation. The Christian Church has in her bosom all the principles which will some day make war impossible, as she held all the principles that made slavery impossible. God works very slowly. Even God can only get out of each age the morality of which each age is capable. This is a war for peace, and there never can be peace until one nation respects another nation, until a treaty is a treaty, and a nation's word is as good as its bond. There never can be peace or brotherhood until such time comes, and therefore our martyrs have died for international honour, as the only secret and condition of the future brotherhood of nations.

And they have died for more than that. There is one ideal which our soldiers have got hold of, although, as I reminded them at the front, they were often very inattentive at Sunday-school; but they carried something away, and that was an ideal of CHRIST upon the Cross, giving His life for the world; and that great ideal is never altogether absent from the conscience and imagination of the most ignorant soldiers who come from this country.

## Fortitude

There has dawned, however, upon the world another ideal, a revived pagan ideal of a super-man, whose gospel is "Might is Right," and no human ingenuity in the world can reconcile these two pictures. Is the ideal of CHRIST to win, or is the super-man to have his way? We believe that GOD will decide that question. Meanwhile, there is nothing for it but fortitude. With such issues at stake, every man must lay down his life lest the right shall be crushed.

"Great hearts are glad when it is time to give;  
Life is not life to him who dares not die,  
And death not death to him who dares to live."

Now how are we to get this wonderful virtue of fortitude, in the strength of which our forefathers have acted so greatly and made England so great, and which is to be the special virtue of to-day?

(I) First of all, we have this great advantage that we Christians have before us all the time the most perfect spectacle of fortitude ever seen in the world, and that is *the fortitude of JESUS CHRIST Himself*. Easter gives us a grand omen of victory. Nothing seemed so abjectly

## Fortitude

hopeless as the world on Good Friday; everything that was bright and beautiful and pure had been crushed out, and GOD seemed absolutely nowhere, but all the time He was biding His time, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms, and, just when least expected, one of those Everlasting Arms, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," was stretched out, and GOD raised JESUS CHRIST from the dead, and the cause which seemed so hopeless on Good Friday was triumphant for ever on Easter Day. To inspire us we have this spectacle of wonderful fortitude, of GOD concealing His strength, and holding victory really in His grasp. We see JESUS CHRIST going before us, as the Revised Version says, carrying the Cross "for Himself." That is why you must read your Bibles, and guard your quiet times. Do not make a mere form of Bible-reading. You are looking into a most beautiful picture—indeed, a five-fold mirror of fortitude. The more you gaze into it, the more fortitude will grow upon you, the more will your imagination be seized by that Wonderful Form that went on bearing everything—misapprehen-

## Fortitude

sion, misunderstanding, persecution, loneliness, agony, and death—and so you too will be able to go on until the end. Let that sink into you, the thought of the Captain of our Salvation leading the forces of light.

(2) And more than that, our religion is not merely following the example. What a hopeless thing that would be! What we want is to have a *life within a life*, to have the fortitude we admire reproduced within us. I glow with pride—I hope with thankful, honest pride—when I tell you of my own London Rifle Brigade, of which I am chaplain—a brigade which went into the fighting-line eight hundred strong, held the trenches eight days and nights, and came out with two hundred and fifty. Shelled back and front, they shouted to one another in the middle of the battle: “Fortitude, boys! Remember what the Bishop said!” I felt my spirit was with them in the battle. The aim of our prayers, the purpose of being baptized and confirmed and coming to the Communion, is that the fortitude we admire may be reproduced in us. Christianity is a life within a life; “CHRIST

## Fortitude

in me is the hope of glory," and that is why you must pray earnestly that you may be partakers of this glory, that CHRIST may live in you, so that you may speak His words, endure with His strength, think with His thoughts, and work with His actions. That is the glorious aim of all Christians.

(3) But more than that, the third secret of fortitude is *to take one day at a time*. Think of the mothers and wives who are listening every day for the footfall of the telegraph-boy to bring them some news—perhaps fatal news; think of the mothers and widows such as those who pour into my room in London. What, too, about the men who have come home from the front, blinded for life? I gave some of them an address not long ago, and they have just been joined by one of my dearest friends, a soldier-priest, like our Mr. Bussell from here, who has had both his eyes shot out. He may possibly act as their chaplain. How can they bear it, these strong young men, blinded for life? I was talking to one of my soldier friends the other day, a young man of twenty-five, who had had one

## Fortitude

arm and one hand cut away. "I was so proud of my limbs, Bishop," he said. They need to take one day at a time. Yes, the third great secret of fortitude is one day at a time, the law of the kingdom. You have not to bear the loss of your brother or father for ever, only for one day, and sufficient strength is promised for that day. And, remember, every day is one day's march nearer home.

(4) And then we have to bear things *as a regiment*. A soldier said the other day that the regimental spirit is the glory of the British Army. So it is. People can do things and bear things as members of a regiment they cannot bear or do by themselves. The same may be said of a great ship and of the men who are members of its crew. They are proud of it. So it is with a great public school. But when shall we have the Church spirit as real and living as the regimental spirit? And yet the Church is the oldest fighting regiment in Europe; she has fought more, bled more, suffered more, and conquered more, than any other regiment in the world, under that finest of banners, the grand old banner of the Cross.

## Fortitude

We must go out from our public schools with a keener Church spirit than we have. The Christian Church is the oldest fighting regiment in Europe, and if we stood together more firmly, more closely shoulder to shoulder as a good regiment, we should do ten thousand times more good in the world than we do to-day.

(5) Lastly, the fifth secret of fortitude is that you must *lose yourself to find yourself*. How finely the doctors have behaved in this war! I left a group of London Territorial doctors in Ypres, who, although under fire the whole time, did their work gallantly in three hospitals day by day. One of the doctors who got the Victoria Cross for the second time did not go out to get this distinction; he went out to help a wounded man, he went out because he could not help going out. He lost himself to find himself, and there will be this bright outcome of the war, that the old gospel of having a good time will have vanished, the old gospel of personal comfort will have gone, and the gospel of service will remain. The beautiful home of a little boy was thrown open as a



## Fortitude

hospital for wounded soldiers, and this little boy of nine said, in a very simple way: "I love having the wounded soldiers here; we cannot go back to our old life after the war." "You have tasted the salt of life," said Lord Kitchener at the end of the South African War, "and you will not soon lose the taste of it."

These, then, are the five secrets of fortitude—to follow the Master's example, to reproduce His life, day by day, to do it as a regiment, to lose ourselves to find ourselves. Let us resolve to grasp and live out this splendid virtue, remembering that "he that endures to the end, the same shall be saved."\*

\* Specially reported by the *Marlborough Times*.

## II

### “ LIFE FOR EVER, AND EVER ”\*

“ He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life: even for ever and ever.”—Ps. xxi. 4 (Prayer-Book Version).

WHEN we come together to honour Canada, let no one think that we are leaving out of sight the magnificent conduct of our Australian and New Zealand comrades, whose heroic conduct at the Dardanelles has thrilled the whole world, or the Indian troops who have been fighting so bravely and devotedly through the dark, long, and to them uncongenial winter, or the loyal African troops gallantly upholding the Empire far away. The MOTHER-HEART OF THE EMPIRE which beats in St. Paul's Cathedral feels pride and sorrow for all her children; at another time we may well commemorate here the gallant deeds of others.†

But without any idea of disregard for others,

\* Preached at the Canadian Memorial Service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

† A service was held a few weeks later in memory of the Australian and New Zealand troops who had fallen in battle.

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

we are commemorating now a feat of arms performed by Canadians which will live in history for ever.

I. It was a terrible moment when our gallant French allies, naturally not expecting a species of human devilry in warfare the like of which has not been seen for thousands of years, were overpowered by the fumes of noxious gases, which Germany among other nations had pronounced illegitimate in warfare.

We have learnt by bitter experience, and the whole civilised world learns it at last, from a further diabolical act in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which will stain the name of Germany while time shall last, that no laws, human or Divine, at present bind her, and no promise, however sacred, is considered at present to be anything but empty words.

The two children clasped in one another's arms found dead in one of the boats of the *Lusitania*, and the hundreds of gallant soldiers gasping for breath as they die in agony from poisonous gases, alike cry to Heaven for punishment on the nation which, with all its boasted culture, should now be looked upon by the

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

whole civilised world as, for the time, “the enemy of the human race”!

It was then, at this awful moment in what has all through been a very tremendous “Day of God,” when the French had been overpowered by the poisonous gas, that the manhood of Canada was tested and came out *as pure and unadulterated gold*.

Their line, as was so clearly shown in an eloquent description by the Canadian Record Officer, was left hanging in the air. Guy Drummond—a name known from end to end of Canada—tried to rally, with his excellent knowledge of French, the retreating Zouaves, and then, as he and his Major debated what was to be done, was mortally wounded, and was the first of that band of heroes to fall.

It became necessary for Brigadier-General Turner, commanding the 3rd Brigade, to throw back his left flank southward to protect his rear. In the course of the confusion which followed upon the readjustments of position, the enemy, who had advanced rapidly after his initial successes, took four British 4·7 guns in a small wood to the west of the village of

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

St. Julien, two miles in the rear of the original French trenches.

The story of the second battle of Ypres is the story of how the Canadian Division, enormously outnumbered—for they had in front of them at least four divisions, supported by immensely heavy artillery—with a gap still existing, though reduced, in their lines, and with dispositions made hurriedly under the stimulus of critical danger, fought through the day and through the night, and then through another day and night—fought under their officers until many of those perished gloriously, and then fought from the impulsion of sheer valour because they came from fighting stock.

The enemy, of course, was aware—whether fully or not may perhaps be doubted—of the advantage his breach in the line had given him, and immediately began to push a formidable series of attacks upon the whole of the newly-formed Canadian salient. If it is possible to distinguish when the attack was everywhere so fierce, it developed with particular intensity at this moment upon the apex of the newly-formed line, running in the direction of St. Julien.

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

It has already been stated that four British guns were taken in a wood comparatively early in the evening of April 22. In the course of that night, and under the heaviest machine-gun fire, this wood was assaulted by the Canadian Scottish, 16th Battalion of the 3rd Brigade, and the 10th Battalion of the 2nd Brigade, which was intercepted for this purpose on its way to a reserve trench. The battalions were respectively commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Leckie and Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle, and after a most fierce struggle in the light of a misty moon, they took the position at the point of the bayonet. At midnight the 2nd Battalion, under Colonel Watson, and the Toronto Regiment Queen's Own, 3rd Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Rennie, both of the 1st Brigade, brought up much-needed reinforcement, and though not actually engaged in the assault, were in reserve.

All through the following days and nights these battalions shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the 3rd Brigade. An officer who took part in the attack describes how the men about him fell under the fire of the machine guns, which, in his phrase, played upon them

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

“like a watering - pot.” He added quite simply: “I wrote my own life off.” *But the line never wavered.* When one man fell, another took his place, and, with a final shout, the survivors of the two battalions flung themselves into the wood. The German garrison was completely demoralised, and the impetuous advance of the Canadians did not cease until they reached the far side of the wood and entrenched themselves there in the position so dearly gained. They had, however, the disappointment of finding that the guns had been blown up by the enemy, and later on in the same night a most formidable concentration of artillery fire, sweeping the wood as a tropical storm sweeps the leaves from a forest, made it impossible for them to hold the position for which they had sacrificed so much.

The fighting continued without intermission all through the night, and, to those who observed the indications that the attack was being pushed with ever-growing strength, it hardly seemed possible that the Canadians, fighting in positions so difficult to defend, and so little the subject of deliberate choice, could maintain their resistance for any long period.

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

At 6 a.m. on Friday it became apparent that the left was becoming more and more involved, and a powerful German attempt to outflank it developed rapidly. The consequences, if it had been broken or outflanked, need not be insisted upon. They were not merely local.

It was therefore decided, formidable as the attempt undoubtedly was, to try and give relief by a counter-attack upon the first line of German trenches, now far, far advanced from those originally occupied by the French. This was carried out by the Ontario 1st and 4th Battalions of the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier-General Mercer, acting in combination with a British brigade.

It is safe to say that the youngest private in the ranks, as he set his teeth for the advance, knew the task in front of him, and the youngest subaltern knew all that rested upon its success. It did not seem that any human being could live in the shower of shot and shell which began to play upon the advancing troops. They suffered terrible casualties. For a short time every other man seemed to fall, but the attack was pressed ever closer and closer.



## “Life for Ever and Ever”

The 4th Canadian Battalion at one moment came under a particularly withering fire. For a moment—not more—it wavered. Its most gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Birchall, carrying, after an old fashion, a light cane, coolly and cheerfully rallied his men, and, at the very moment when his example had infected them, fell dead at the head of his battalion. With a hoarse cry of anger they sprang forward (for, indeed, they loved him) as if to avenge his death. The astonishing attack which followed, pushed home in the face of direct frontal fire made in broad daylight, by battalions whose names should live for ever in the memories of soldiers, was carried to the first line of German trenches. After a hand-to-hand struggle the last German who resisted was bayoneted, and the trench was won.

And so the great contest went on for five days and five nights, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and by Wednesday morning, Canada, with exactly half her troops killed or wounded, still stood undaunted, facing the foe.

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

Well may the Record Officer close his description with these words:

“The graveyard of Canada in Flanders is large. It is very large. Those who lie there have left their mortal remains on alien soil. To Canada they have bequeathed their memories and their glory.”

“On Fame’s eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.”

And well may this great congregation assemble to pay its last tribute to the honoured dead.

“Mother, with unbowed head,  
Hear thou across the sea  
The Farewell of the Dead,  
The Dead who died for thee.

Greet them again with tender words and grave,  
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.”\*

And what are we to say about these glorious young lives flung down so readily for King and country, for the freedom of the freest thing in the world, the Dominion of Canada—nay, for

\* Henry Newbolt.

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

the freedom of the world, for international honour, and for Christian principles as governing the future conduct of the world, instead of the pagan gospel that Might is Right? As I have said, you had only to look at these ten thousand free, fresh faces whom I addressed in a certain country town in France—with all their officers round me, a third of whom are now dead—to see the madness and folly of talking about ours being a *Robber Empire*.

Who *could* tame these children of the prairie? They had drunk in freedom with their mother's milk, they were children of the free, and would have been fathers of the free, and gladly they flung down their lives rather than that the Juggernaut car of German despotism should crush under foot the freedom which they loved better than life.

“*Here fell six thousand very gallant gentlemen*” must be written one day in letters of gold over certain woods and salients in Flanders; here Goliath met David; here the would-be overweening blustering bully of the world met Canada.

II. *But did GOD FAIL these young men?*

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

That is the really crucial question: it is the unexpressed fear of this which takes away the joy of sacrifice, and bows still deeper the mourner's head.

“Toll the bell for Percy Birchall! If I ring it at all, it will be a *peal*,” wrote his nearest relative. But to be able to say this you must be certain in your mind of three things:

1. That honour is more precious than life.

2. That “one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.”

3. That, so far from God disappointing the young soldier when he dies, He more than satisfies him. In other words, we must be able to look up to God and say:

“*He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life: even for ever and ever.*”

The first two points are certainly more easily grasped by the young than by the old.

It was said the other day that the young grasp by a kind of instinct the idea that life is not merely a question of living over so many

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

years; they understand that it is possible in a short time to fulfil a long time.

As Rupert Brooke, who has himself given his life for his country, said so truly:

“ These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene  
That men call age; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave—their immortality.”

And in his sonnet on “The Dead” he says:

“ These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth,  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

“ These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friendèd;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is  
ended.

“ There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. *He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.*”\*

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

But it is on the *third point* that faith grows so weak.

We have made to ourselves such unreal pictures of the life after death that no man desires it. It is a pale, ghost-like, unreal existence, with no life in it, no fire, and no interest, and the heart grows cold to think that when, as Stevenson says, “the happy-starred, flood-blooded spirit of the young shoots into the spiritual world,” it encounters this shadowy, dead - alive, depressing existence, which is the popular idea of the life after death.

But have we fully grasped what the poet means when he says:

“It is not well that men should learn too soon  
The lovely secrets kept for them that die”?

Have we not faith enough to argue from the beauty and the interest and the variety of the life God has provided for us *here*, to the still greater beauty and interest and variety of life which He must have provided for us *there*?

Do we really suppose that God had come to the end of His creative skill when He made *this* world, and had no imagination left for the *next*?

## “Life for Ever and Ever”\*

Do we really think that a God, I will not say of boundless love, but even of moral rectitude, could create a mother's or a wife's love and then disappoint it ?

“In My FATHER's house there are many mansions; *if it were not so I would have told you,*” said our LORD, using this very argument that GOD's moral character demands a spacious and beautiful life after death.

And do we really suppose that Love can die ?

“They sin who tell us Love can die,  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell  
Or avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Of earth these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth,  
But *Love is indestructible.*  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came; to Heaven returneth.  
Full oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived; at times oppressed,  
In Heaven it finds its perfect rest.  
It soweth here in toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is *there.*”\*

---

\* Southey's “Curse of Kehama.”

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

I come round, then, to my question, *Has God failed the trust of these young men?*

They did not want to die; they loved life; they looked forward to a happy life here; they were planning out a useful and interesting future; they were not all soldiers in the ordinary sense, though they died a soldier's death; THEY ASKED LIFE, “AND THEY WILL HAVE IT.” *He has given them a long life, even for ever and ever.*

In that long life, you who are the mourners to-day will have a share; they are yours to-day, and you are theirs; the bond is unbroken; the family circle is still complete. Were you seven before? You are seven still. Unseen hands uphold you; unseen spirits speak to yours; close by, though hidden by a veil, the real, lasting activities of the other world proceed apace. Death has been for them a great promotion, and they long for you to share their honours. “*A little while, and ye shall not see Me, and again a little while, and ye shall see Me!*” they repeat, as their Master did before them. “*Behold and see; it is I myself,*” will be their greeting to you when you *do* see them;



## “Life for Ever and Ever”

they will not be perfect in their life until that time comes, for you are part of their life still, and they are incomplete without you; but when it *does* come, just as one of your own Canadian rivers passes over some great fall, and then dashes on into renewed and glorious strength, so will the glorious life which shone forth in the sunlight in Flanders, and *seemed* for the moment to fall, rush forward with more than its old grace and force, and each of your dear ones will be the first to acknowledge, in those old familiar words, the faithfulness of God—“*I asked life of Him, and He has given me a long life, even for ever and ever.*” And so we do well to have our memorial service to-night—and we mean by it at least three things:

1. We remember these heroic sons and brothers of ours before God. They are still alive, and because they are still alive, we pray for them, as we prayed for them when we saw their dear faces.

We pray with reticence and with humility, as for those who have passed into a fuller, larger life than ours; but we know that we may,

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

without presumption, send them forth with the most ancient and loving Christian prayer:  
*“Grant them eternal rest, and may everlasting light shine upon them.”*

2. We remember them at home.

Never while the British Empire shall last can we forget these glorious sons and brothers who have given their lives so bravely for the Flag which binds us all together, and no care is too loving or too great to be taken of the wounded, many of whom are with us in this church to-night.

3. And, lastly, we remember the land from which they have come.

Canada will be bound to us henceforth by a more sacred tie than ever; it was dear to all of us before; it will be ten times dearer now, for “greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

“To keep the house unharmed  
Their fathers built so fair,  
Deeming endurance armed  
Better than brute despair,  
They found the secret of the word that saith,  
‘Service is sweet, for all true life is death.’

## “Life for Ever and Ever”

“ So greet thou well thy dead  
Across the homeless sea,  
And be thou comforted  
Because they died for thee.  
Far off they served, but now their deed is done,  
For evermore their life and thine are one.”\*

---

\* Henry Newbolt.

### III

#### PRIDE, THANKFULNESS, AND SYMPATHY

*(Preached at the Memorial Service to the London Rifle Brigade  
at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, June 19, 1915.)*

DEAR comrades of the London Rifle Brigade, parents and relations of those who are still our members though in another world, and of those now present with us : (1) I think our first feeling this afternoon is *pride* in the London Rifle Brigade. I have just received a telegram from France: "Holding service also to-morrow.—Lintott, London Rifle Brigade." Therefore we can think of our comrades over there, one with us in spirit, holding, perhaps in the open air, perhaps in some shelter such as we obtained on Easter Sunday for our Easter Communion, a similar service. And at each service there will be a feeling of pride in the regiment to which we belong. One never knows till the action comes, till the day of battle, how a battalion will go through it. We did not

Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy know in those summer days we spent together, we did not know until the war was upon us, how the Brigade would really behave, how splendidly it would come out in the day of battle. We saw in *The Times* that a General had said—and with what tremendous pride I read it!—that the London Rifle Brigade was “the finest battalion God ever made.” That was an anonymous saying of an anonymous General. But I have to-day to read to you what the Generals and Colonels actually said to our Brigade in a Battalion Order dated May 15, 1915: “The Commanding Officer desires to congratulate all ranks on their magnificent behaviour on the 13th instant. They more than upheld the splendid reputation they and their comrades who have fallen have made during the present operations.” And the Brigadier-General says in this Farewell Order: “The Brigadier-General commanding the —— Infantry Brigade has just learned that the London Rifle Brigade are leaving his command to-night. He deeply regrets that he has, therefore, no opportunity of personally taking farewell of all ranks of a battalion which has,

## Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy

for the past six months, made a reputation for itself, which for courage, steadfastness, and devotion to duty is second to none in the Expeditionary Force. He and all ranks of the Brigade wish them a good time of rest and recuperation after their very trying experiences in the late fighting, and hope before long they may be back again among their old comrades of the —— Infantry Brigade.” And here is an extract from a letter of a Commanding Officer of one of the regular battalions of our Brigade: “We are miserable at hearing that you have been taken from us. I won’t say any more now—I can’t—but you will understand what we all feel at being bereft of the support of our braves. I will write as soon as I can to find out what is happening to you all. In the meanwhile, the very best of luck from all of us to our old comrades of the L.R.B.” Another Commanding Officer writes: “We all hope that some day we may find ourselves alongside of the London Rifle Brigade again.”

(2) Well, it is impossible for us all not to feel a noble pride in such wonderful, spontaneous testimony to the way our Brigade has

Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy behaved in the day of battle, and with it also comes the feeling of very deep *thankfulness to God*, that He has given our comrades the grace of fortitude. Do not tell me that there is no connection between this and those services we held last summer at Crowborough, at Bisley, at Hayward's Heath, or with the more recent services held at the front—as, for instance, in that crowded, shell-torn schoolroom where we had two hundred present, all that could be spared from the trenches that morning, at our Easter Communion. We feel thankful to God, and we look up and thank Him that He gave our comrades in the day of battle that wonderful gift of fortitude and courage. I cannot help reading almost with tears as I think of it, this testimony from one who fought in that last battle: “At times we were shelled back and front by the Germans, and during one heavy cannonading there was passed from man to man the Bishop of London's message, ‘Fortitude, my boys!’ People may scoff at religion, but there is nothing like it to buck a man up on the battlefield.” I think that testimony, from one of the younger

Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy members of our Brigade who went through it all, endorses what I say, that we should thank God that all those prayers that we had together were answered, and that from the HOLY SPIRIT in the hour of battle came this great courage. "Fortitude!" they cried to one another, and there came that courage which they needed in the day of trial. As I look round—I am going to speak to you in a moment, dear mourners—I cannot think of any one word to cry to-day better than what the men cried out to one another in the day of battle, "Fortitude!"—that is the virtue for to-day; fortitude for those who are going back, fortitude in what may lie before them.

"Ye that with me have fought and failed and fought  
To the last desperate trench of battle's crest,  
Not yet to sleep, not yet; your work is nought;  
On that last trench the fate of all may rest."

And fortitude to you, who never on earth will see that dear, dear face again. Take one day at a time, live out each day, and remember that every day is one day's march nearer home.

(3) And that brings me to the third and last feeling which inspires our service to-day, and



Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy  
that is the deepest *sympathy* with you whose  
dear ones have been taken from you. I spend  
my time in London now, every moment that  
I can, either with the wounded or the mourners.  
I saw six mothers one afternoon who had each  
lost a very dear boy. I have seen many of the  
mothers, sisters, and fathers of our own Brigade  
who have lost sons, brothers, comrades. And  
we want to express to you—and that is one  
reason why we have had this service—our  
heartfelt sympathy with you in your great loss.  
And what am I to say to you? How am I to  
cheer you? First, by telling you to hold on  
with both hands to this thought, that the boys  
have died in the most glorious cause for which  
a man ever died. They have given their lives  
for their country, they have died for the free-  
dom of their native land. One boy in our  
Brigade wrote to his mother just before he  
died: "I came out, mother, because I would  
not have you and the sisters treated as the  
Belgian women have been treated." He died,  
as they have all died, for the freedom of his  
country and the honour of his womenfolk. But  
he died also for the freedom of the world; he

## Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy

died for the right to live for those little nations which could not defend themselves; he died for international honour as the only possible condition for the future brotherhood of nations. How can we ever get rid of war if nations cannot trust each other's word, if they cannot believe in each other's honour? And he died that Christian principles might dominate the world instead of the pagan doctrine that might is right. If that is not a holy cause, a noble cause, there is no cause that is holy and noble. I go further—he has not really died. “He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.” He has only passed out of sight, he is not dead, he is not far off. “We are come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.” We have *come* there, we are in the Kingdom of Heaven now. You must not think of your dear one as far away; he is close to you in that blessed spiritual communion. He prays for you and loves you, and you can pray for him and love him. He is only

Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy parted from sight for a little time. And he has gone to a life that a young man can enjoy. Do not tell me that when GOD finished making this world, with all its interests, and activities, and brightness, and glorious service, that His imagination became bankrupt, and that he had none left to make another world with. In that ghost-like, unattractive world which our imaginations have conjured up a young man would not be at home. But JESUS CHRIST loved young men. "JESUS, beholding him, loved him." He knows how to make young men happy. He knows your boy. He knows what he can enjoy, and the sort of life he can live, and the company in which he will be happy; and He has got it all ready for him. When that full-blooded, happy-starred spirit shoots into the spirit world, he finds there the LORD who loved him, and understands him, and Who has ready a life for him which he can enjoy. But he will not be complete without you. He will be waiting for the mother, the sister, the wife, to come over too. But he has got a life which is a *man's* life, for JESUS CHRIST was man as well as GOD.

## Pride, Thankfulness, and Sympathy

And then, best of all, you will see him again. It is not for ever, the parting; you will see him again with your own eyes. Every day brings the day of meeting nearer. You will see him again, purified in character, in the sunshine of his LORD's presence, but the same person, the same son you love, and with the same love for you. And when you look back from eternity, the parting will not seem so long. You will have him with you for ever. "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

And, therefore, in the deepest spirit of thankfulness and prayer, may we go back full of the fortitude with which GOD filled our boys in the day of battle; and we count among them those who died in England in the camps. They, too, laid down their lives for their country. Let us go back with a spirit of thankfulness and fortitude, and with a hope full of immortality.

#### IV

### THE CHURCH'S CALL TO THE SOUL OF THE NATION\*

“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”—ST. MATT. xvi. 26.

I THINK the most striking cartoon which I have ever seen was in the pages of our greatest comic paper last year. It was when Belgium had been ravaged up to the last town, and a dark figure says sneeringly to the King of the Belgians, “So you have lost everything”; but with a noble pride instinct in every feature, the King answers back: “Not my soul.” It was a great answer and a true one; the soul of a nation is more than its material possessions—“what does it profit a nation, if it gain the whole world and loses its soul?” Belgium in her poverty to-day is far greater than Belgium rich with the rubber trade from the Congo,

\* Spoken from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral on July 25, 1915.

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

for she stands pure in soul, unconquerable in spirit, untarnished in fame. She has lost her wealth, she has found her soul.

### A NEW FRANCE.

So with France. Those who have come recently from France stand entranced before the change in the nation. There was a time when the antagonism to the Roman Catholic priesthood seemed degenerating into a hatred of religion; Paris was the home of gaiety and the fount of fashion. But there is a new France in the world to-day—absolutely one, with a passionate patriotism which is like a flame; all pleasures are flung aside; she pants for the day when the fair provinces taken by the enemy shall be restored, and the fangs of the wild beast which have been fastened in her shaken off. There are no great national resources in France available for comforts for the soldiers. Paid their franc and a quarter a day, out of this the wife saves enough to send some little comfort to her man in the trenches. Purified by a fire of trial of which we have no conception here, France has found her soul.

# Call to the Soul of the Nation

## RUSSIA AND ITALY.

And what shall we say of Russia ? Those of us who have visited Russia have always loved the great soul of Russia. To Palestine every year, for every ten pilgrims from other countries, there come at least one thousand from Russia. Beneath the vodka habit; behind what often seemed a lack of mission spirit in the Church; behind the old mistaken political methods which produced so many revolutions, a great soul breathed, and at the touch of the purging fire it has been revealed. In a week the vodka was flung aside, and I wish to God that we could have followed Russia's example; in a day the nation was unified, and the Tsar became the father of his people; within a month freedom was promised to the nationalities under its sway; the religion which breathed beneath great State functions was seen to be genuine, and the great patient soul of Russia was revealed. Whether Warsaw or any great fortress is lost or not, Russia will not be conquered. Russia will never be con-

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

quered while the world lasts, not only because of the extent of its territory, but because of the indomitable, patient soul of its people; they may be pushed back and back, but they will burn and suffer, and suffer and burn, as they go—they may lose the whole world, but they will keep their soul. And what shall we say of our other glorious Ally—Italy? The very soul of Italy is her love of freedom; the spirit of Garibaldi burns within her, and it is this which has made her free.

### THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH TO THE NATION.

I come out to-day as a Bishop of the Mother Church of England to give a message to the soul of our nation. Have we got a soul? Who that knows the history of the English people can doubt it? It is a soul which gets overlaid, like the soul of other nations, with love of material comfort, with arrogance, and with worldliness; but the children would not be springing from all over the world—from



## Call to the Soul of the Nation

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, to the mother's side, if the mother had no soul; if there had been no love for freedom, no belief in honour, no care for the weak, no contempt for the merely strong, then there would have been no glad loyalty from thousands and tens of thousands who have rallied round her flag. Can we admit for a moment that the soul of the nation which won Agincourt, which flung back the Armada, which withstood for many years the armies of Napoleon, is not as great as the soul of other nations? Rather we believe that in this equally balanced contest on the Continent it is the soul of England which is once again to free the world; no calamity can be pictured more awful than if at this supreme crisis in the history of the world England should fail. We must fight as one man, for we are fighting not only for the freedom of our own country, but for the freedom of the world. As I stand in front of this great Cathedral, I cannot forget the Cathedral of Ypres and others on the Continent which are now in ruins. We are fighting for the right for all to live free. It is a glorious time in which

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

we are living. You soldiers in front of me have the chance of taking part in the second Battle of Waterloo.

### THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER.

Why have we summoned you here in your thousands and tens of thousands to-day? First of all to pray. If we are to rise to our vocation, the first essential thing is that as a nation, not as a few groups of pious individuals, but as a nation, we should turn to God; the only power which can save Europe to-day is a nation which, while it fights and works and serves and saves without stint, is also a nation on its knees. Do we really believe in God's strength? Do we believe in an Almighty God at all? Or is prayer a waste of time? Do we really believe in the promise, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you"? It is for that reason that I have summoned London, as the Archbishops have again and again summoned the nation, day and night to pray.

# Call to the Soul of the Nation

## REPENTANCE.

But to pray with effect, we must pray with a good conscience, and that is the real significance of the Church's call to repentance. Repentance is not a weak whining on our knees to God because we are in a difficulty; it is a noble laying aside of all that makes us unworthy of working with the Great Friend. It was said by a well-known atheist: "The 'Great Companion' is dead." The answer of a believing nation is that He Whom the atheist ventured to call "the Great Companion" is not dead, but that He can only work with those who keep His laws, and obey His will, and share His mind, and refuse to do evil that good may come. Can we as a nation say that we have always done this? Do we not know that again and again we have ignored His day, neglected His worship, and broken His commandment to "keep our bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity"? To win this war, then, to liberate the spiritual powers in heavenly places which are at our disposal, we must

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

repent as well as pray, and amend as well as repent; it is only a new England, which has come back to her best self, which can save the world to-day.

### UNIVERSAL SERVICE.

But with the penitence and prayer must go a spirit of service which must impress the world. We have had a call addressed to the nation by its responsible leaders for "Universal Voluntary Service." It is the greatest call which can be addressed to a nation. No other nation believes it possible. Everyone knows that it is the last time that we can afford to leave the call *voluntary*, but, if it can be given, voluntary service is the noblest form of service. "I am among you as He that serveth," cried the great Captain of our Salvation, and it was voluntary service of which He spoke:

"He sent no angel to our race  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame  
Himself, and to this lost world came."

"By love serve one another"—in those old words the Church calls to the soul of the nation

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

to rise to this great vocation, and from the highest to the lowest to offer itself for service, with the single-hearted cry, "Here am I, send me."

### THE NECESSITY OF SAVING.

But there must be something more even than service, and I am only putting in a fuller form what I have written in my letter to the people of London. We must also save. No one yet realizes the changes which this war is going to make to all of us. A financial expert told us the other day that many rich men living in large houses would be living in cottages after the war; but the test of whether the soul of the nation is rising to its vocation, is whether it is ready to bear this cheerfully, so long as it has kept its honour untarnished and fully achieved its great aim. When we are fighting for the freedom of the Home of Freedom, for the liberties of the world, for international honour, for CHRIST upon the Cross as opposed to the ideal of the superman and the revived pagan doctrine that right is might, the

## Call to the Soul of the Nation

Church calls upon the nation to say that no sacrifice matters if you win:

“No easy hopes or lies shall bring us to our goal  
But iron sacrifice of body, will, and soul.”

We summon, then, the soul of England to arise in all its grandeur and strength at this crisis of the day of God. Come from the four winds, thou Breath of the SPIRIT, and breathe upon this great people, that hope and faith and love may once again revive and the world be saved again by the “Soul of a People.”

## APPENDIX

The following Pastoral Letter was issued to the clergy:

FULHAM PALACE, S.W.,

July 7, 1915.

DEAR BROTHER,

As we approach the completion of the first year of the greatest war that has ever been waged in the world, you will feel with me that the Church should make another clear and definite effort to inspire the nation in its mighty task.

I. The first form which this effort must take will naturally be to *redouble our prayers*, and I hope that during the remainder of this month you will encourage your people on week-days as well as on Sundays to use their church for constant and earnest private prayer. For this purpose every church in the diocese should be open all day and late into the evening, as so many of our working people can only come late.

In addition to these private prayers, for which helps in the way of heads of intercession should be provided in the church, there should be frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion, and gatherings for joint intercession, whenever "two or three can be gathered together."

## Pastoral Letter

We and our people must recognise, to use words of a sermon lately preached by the Bishop of Oxford, that prayer is "not trying to drag God down to our level. It is just the opposite. It is bringing us up into correspondence with God, and thereby making us effective. It is liberating the Hand of God to do what He cannot do unless we will correspond."

2. But besides this redoubled effort of prayer, by ourselves and with others, I believe that the Church is just the body to *appeal to the soul of the nation* for a great outpouring of unselfish and patriotic service. The Registration Bill will be useless unless the soul of the nation responds, and the Church should appeal to the nation on the highest grounds for a spirit of service and self-sacrifice.

For this purpose I propose that the afternoon or evening of Sunday, July 25 (the Feast of St. James the Apostle) should be set apart. The rest of the day might be spent in special prayer, but in the afternoon or evening, in such manner as seems best to the incumbent of the parish, an appeal should be made to the people of the district to be true to themselves and their country in this great "Day of God."

In many parishes processions might be organised through the streets, and short addresses given in different parts of the parish. In others services might be held on some open space in the parish. In some parts of London the parishes of a deanery or of a larger area might act together. If thought advisable or



## Pastoral Letter

helpful, as I hope in many cases it would be, invitations might be addressed to the heads of public bodies or the representatives of other religious communities to join in the appeal.

There should be the utmost elasticity in the methods employed in each locality, but through whatever variety of methods, the one main note should be "a clear call" from the Church to the soul of the nation for self-sacrifice, fortitude, and courage. I have delayed suggesting this effort to you until I ascertained that such an appeal would be thought helpful by those on whose shoulders rests the heavy burden of guiding the nation at this time, but I make it, of course, on my own responsibility, and with a full belief that it will not be made in vain.

3. In addition to such prayer and public appeal, I feel that *the unrivalled organisation of the Church* might be of use to the nation in other ways. The Registration Bill will entail the filling up of forms by many of the poor unaccustomed to such requests. The aim and object which the State has in view will need explaining; the work of women will have gradually to be substituted for that of men in some occupations to free more men for other work; persuasion will be needed with relatives to sanction those they love offering themselves for posts of danger: "the grave peril in which the country stands" (to use Earl Curzon's words) will have to be brought home without causing undue alarm.

## Pastoral Letter

All this, as I said at the Guildhall, can only be done by those who live on the spot, and who have already won the confidence of the people.

In all these ways the Church must justify its claim to be the National Church, at a time when the nation specially needs such help.

I am sure, dear brother, that I may trust you to rise to the level of our great opportunity, and to be yourself an example of service and self-sacrifice "for the people to follow."

Yours very sincerely,  
A. F. LONDON.

### A MESSAGE FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO THE PEOPLE OF LONDON\*

You must forgive my writing to you direct—I cannot visit you in person, as I should like to do; and whatever your denomination may be, you are a fellow-citizen with me in this great city, and you will not, I hope, take amiss a message from me.

You probably have a son or brother, husband or friend who is in the trenches, or who is keeping watch and ward over our country upon the sea, or preparing for action in some great camp at home.

It was to such men I went out in Holy Week and Easter to give a message from home, and we had many

---

\* Over 500,000 copies of this Message have been circulated.

## What can I Do?

services together, and I gave them souvenirs of the Holy Season, many of which, I know, have now been sent home.

This is a message to the father, mother, brother, sister, or friend of the gallant men I saw at Easter, and the question I want to ask you, as I ask myself, is, “*Are we worthy of such defenders?*”

Like St. Paul, they can say: “I die daily.” It is impossible to over-estimate the sacrifice and courage required in a modern battle—we never really hear the details. “So this is war,” wrote home one young officer—“my best friend is lying by my side with a bullet through his heart, my men are groaning with pain in the trench, and I have been knocked down four times in five minutes by the concussion of a shell.” And yet they “endure this hardness as good soldiers” for the honour of their country and the freedom of the world. “I have come out, mother,” wrote one lad home, “that you and the sisters may not be treated like the Belgian women have been.” A few days later he died in that sacred cause.

What are we doing at home? That is the question.

Why should the young do all the fighting and the dying, and offer the great sacrifice by themselves?

The sacrifice that is *for* all should be offered *by* all.

What one thing have we given up or done or tried to do to prevent England becoming a German province, or Kent and Middlesex being treated like Belgium and parts of France?

## What can I Do?

Have we been true to our manhood or womanhood in this Great Day of God on which is being decided the future of the world?

Is the message of CHRIST from the Cross to be the standard of mankind, or the modern German teaching that might is right? Nothing less than that is the issue before the world to-day.

“What can I do?” perhaps you ask.

1. First, you can *pray*.

If *everyone* prayed, and prayed regularly, we should receive a spiritual force which would astonish the world.

2. But to pray properly we must *repent*. “There is none that doeth good—no, not one!” and if we are honest with ourselves, all have much selfishness and love of comfort, to say nothing of other sins, to lay penitently before God.

3. But prayer and penitence must lead up to *service*. “I am among you as He that serveth!” was CHRIST’s own declaration, and it sanctifies the great appeal made to the nation to-day for “universal voluntary service.” “Am I making what I can out of the war?” or “Am I giving all I can for the good of the common cause?” It is the answer to these questions which marks off a traitor from a patriot.

The lads at the front are doing their bit. What is my bit? And am I doing it?

4. But I must do more than *serve*; I must *save*. The nation has to save one thousand million pounds a

## Prayers to be Said Daily

year to pay for the war, the Prime Minister tells us; then I must see there is no waste in my household. However small a sum it may be, I must save what I can and invest it in the War Loan to help my country. I cannot "have a good time" at home while the lads at the front go through what they truly call "a hell."

These seem to me the resolutions we are bound to make—"I will pray, I will repent, I will serve, I will save"—and it is that we may all have the grace to do this that I ask you to use daily the prayers which follow.

A. F. LONDON.

---

### PRAYERS TO BE SAID DAILY

#### A PRAYER OF PENITENCE.

Forgive me, O GOD, all the sins and selfishness of the past, and give me the grace to repent and lead a more useful life; I ask this for JESUS CHRIST's sake.

#### A PRAYER FOR HELP.

Stretch forth Thy hand, Thou GOD of Hosts, and decide between us and our enemies; give us fortitude and courage to endure hardness as good soldiers, and crown our labours with victory; for JESUS CHRIST's sake.

## Prayers to be Said Daily

### A PRAYER FOR THE SAILORS, SOLDIERS, AND AIRMEN.

Guard with Thy loving care those who are in peril, whether on sea or land or in the air. Help them to remember that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms," and keep them safe in life or death; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

### A PRAYER FOR THE WOUNDED AND THE MOURNERS.

Send Thy healing grace upon the wounded and pour Thy comfort into the souls of the mourners; give them both a "warrior's mind" until the day dawn and the shadows flee away; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

### A PRAYER FOR THE NATION.

Stir up, O LORD, a spirit of service throughout the country; may the soul of the nation respond to the call to sacrifice and help me to play a worthy part in this Great Day; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

And we sum up our petitions in the words our LORD taught us—

Our FATHER, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

*By the Bishop of London*

INTO THE FIGHTING LINE. Cloth, 3s. net.

CONTENTS

TO CLERGY AND CHURCH WORKERS

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| I. Into the Fighting Line             | IV. Man's Part in God's Work          |
| II. One Blood, One CHRIST, One Church | V. A Message of Peace                 |
| III. Spiritual Healing                | VI. The Gospel committed to our Trust |

TO MEN

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| VII. Baptism with the HOLY GHOST                 | IX. Union and Faithfulness |
| VIII. A Band of Men whose Hearts God has touched | X. Spiritual Banking       |

AT DEDICATIONS AND FESTIVALS

- |                                  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| XI. The Old World and the New    | XIV. The Messenger                     |
| XII. True Catholicism            | XV. True Strength                      |
| XIII. The Permanence of Goodness | XVI. Landmarks for the Journey of Life |

TO BOYS AND UNDERGRADUATES

- |   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| XVII. Ventures of Faith in a Boy's Life | XIX. Good Days             |
| XVIII. The Link of Prayer               | XX. "All Things are Ready" |
|   | XXI. Every Good Gift       |

IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

- |                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| XXII. A City set on a Hill       | XXIV. The Grain of Mustard Seed |
| XXIII. The Treasure of the Heart |                                 |

---

LONDON: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.

*By the Bishop of London*

THE GOSPEL IN ACTION. Cloth, 3s. net.

CONTENTS

THE WEST END MISSION

- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| I. The Passing of Jesus of Nazareth | V. One that hath Authority              |
| II. True Life                       | VI. The Cross the Surprise of the World |
| III. The Light of the World         | VII. The Cross the Glory of Heaven      |
| IV. "Behold, I stand at the Door"   |   |

ADDRESSES TO MEN

- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| VIII. "The Furnace of Trial"    | XII. Faith as a Grain of Mustard Seed          |
| IX. Various Aspects of Unbelief | XIII. The Vocation of the Layman in the Church |
| X. Faith and Science            | XIV. Personal Religion                         |
| XI. Apathy                      |  |

ADDRESSES TO WOMEN AND GIRLS

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| XV. Religion in relation to Social Duties and Pleasures | XVI. The Duty of Service |
|   | XVII. Life               |

SERMONS ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| XVIII. The Spiritual Ploughman     | XXIV. Living Water  |
| XIX. "Fear God. Honour the King"   | XXV. Praise: The Highest Act of Christian Worship                 |
| XX. The Blessing in the Cluster    | XXVI. Things New and Old  |
| XXI. The Power of Recovery         | XXVII. The Goodly Heritage of the Church                          |
| XXII. The Golden Key of Prayer     | XXVIII. Feeding the Multitude                                     |
| XXIII. The Work of a Parish Priest | XXIX. The Incarnation: God's Answer to the Doubts of His Children |

---

LONDON: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.



*By the Bishop of London*

THE LOVE OF THE TRINITY. Cloth, 2s. 6d.  
net ; Paper, 1s. net.

CONTENTS

TWO INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS

Spiritual Wonder | "Witnesses of these Things"

THE MESSAGE OF THE MISSION

The Love of the TRINITY	The Growth of the CHRIST-Life
Answers to Questions	Within Us
The Response to the Love of the	The Love of the TRINITY in the
TRINITY	Atonement
Answers to Questions	Answers to Questions
The Peace of GOD	How can we be Forgiven?
Answers to Questions	Answers to Questions
The Love of the TRINITY in Co-	The Love of the TRINITY in Church
operation with Human Prayer	and Sacraments
True Resignation	Answers to Questions
Answers to Questions	Glory to GOD
The Love of the TRINITY in the	The Love of the TRINITY in the
INCARNATION	Resurrection
Answers to Questions	

ADDRESSES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

What am I?	What does GOD think of me?
Why am I here?	Where am I going?

ADDRESSES TO MEN

An Address to Old Public School	Faith
and University Men at London	Hope
House	Work
The Problem of London	Praise

---

LONDON : WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.

By the Bishop of London

## BANNERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Cloth, 3s. net.

### CONTENTS

- |                          |                                      |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| I. Faith                 | IX. One LORD JESUS CHRIST            |
| II. Hope                 | X. One SPIRIT                        |
| III. Love                | XI. One Body                         |
| IV. Penitence            | XII. One Bread                       |
| V. Prayer                | XIII. The Power of the HOLY<br>GHOST |
| VI. Intercession         | XIV. Light in the East               |
| VII. Charity             |                                      |
| VIII. One GOD and FATHER |                                      |

## WORK IN GREAT CITIES. Cloth, 3s. net ; Paper, 1s. net.

### CONTENTS

- |                                 |                            |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| I. Special Needs of To-day      | IV. Preaching and Teaching |
| II. Unbelief and How to Meet it | V. Social Work             |
| III. Visiting                   | VI. Parochial Missions     |

## FAITH OF CHURCH AND NATION. Cloth, 3s. net.

### CONTENTS

#### THE CHURCH

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| I. London Diocesan Conference Address           | V. The Triumph of the Impossible                  |
| II. The Resurrection of CHRIST                  | VI. The Kingdom of GOD, not in Word, but in Power |
| III. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of CHRIST" | VII. "The Thin Black Line"                        |
| IV. The Miracle of Feeding the Five Thousand    |   |

#### THE NATION

#### THE INDIVIDUAL

- |                                   |                               |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| VIII. The Blessing of Peace       | XII. Crucifixion to the World |
| IX. "Joy after Heaviness"         | XIII. The Touch of Faith      |
| X. "Twice Saved"                  | XIV. A Mother's Request       |
| XI. Farewell to Christ's Hospital | XV. Then Face to Face         |
|                                   | XVI. The Value of a Man       |

LONDON: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.

*By the Bishop of London*

## THE GOSPEL OF THE MIRACULOUS.

Cloth, 2s. 6d. net ; Paper, 1s. net.

### CONTENTS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Preface   | The Peace of God that Passeth<br>all Understanding |
| I. The Gospel of the Miraculous                     |  |
| II. The First Miracle                               | V. The Miracle of Life                             |
| Answers to Questions                                | Answers to Questions                               |
| Obedience the Condition of the<br>Miraculous Change | The Life of Lazarus after His<br>Resurrection      |
| III. The Miracle of Forgiveness                     | VI. The Miracle of Sight                           |
| Answers to Questions                                | Answers to Questions                               |
| How to be Forgiven and to Walk?                     | The Light of the World                             |
| IV. The Miracle of Peace                            | VII. The Greatest Miracle of all                   |
| Answers to Questions                                |  |

## THE MYSTERIES OF GOD. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Paper, 1s. net.

### CONTENTS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| I. Stewards of GOD'S Secrets                     | VIII. Who was JESUS CHRIST, and How<br>did His Death save us? |
| II. Seeing JESUS and being JESUS to<br>the World | Answers to Questions  |
| Answers to Questions                             | IX. The Life Beyond the Grave                                 |
| III. CHRIST in You, the Hope                     | Answers to Questions  |
| Answers to Questions                             | X. The Life Here a Preparation for<br>the Life Beyond         |
| IV. The Sureness of the Ground of our<br>Faith   | Answers to Questions  |
| Answers to Questions                             | XI. The Gospel of the Grace of GOD                            |
| V. The Purpose of Life                           | Answers to Questions  |
| Answers to Questions                             | XII. The Means of Grace                                       |
| VI. How to Love GOD                              | XIII. The Attractive Power of the Cross                       |
| Answers to Questions                             | XIV. The Happiness of being a Christian                       |
| VII. The Forgiveness of Sins                     |   |
| Answers to Questions                             |   |

### ADDRESSES TO MEN

- |  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| I. For the Revival of Missionary Zeal. | IV. Resisting the Devil     |
| II. CHRIST in the Home                 | V. The Triumph of the Cross |
| III. Alive unto GOD                    |                             |

### ADDRESS TO LADIES IN THE WEST END

The Weakness of West End Christianity

---

LONDON : WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.

By the Bishop of London

SECRETS OF STRENGTH. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net;  
Paper, 1s. net.

CONTENTS

I. The Greatness of God	VIII. How to foster the Life of CHRIST within us
II. Humility, the First Secret of Strength Answers to Questions	IX. The Power of the HOLY GHOST, the Fifth Secret of Strength Answers to Questions
III. The Happiness of the King- dom of Heaven Answers to Questions	X. The HOLY SPIRIT in us
IV. Faith, the Second Secret of Strength Answers to Questions	XI. Enduring the Cross, the Sixth Secret of Strength Answers to Questions
V. Moral Earnestness, the Third Secret of Strength Answers to Questions	XII. The Three Angels round the Cross
VI. How not to lose your First Love	XIII. The Glory of the Cross
VII. The CHRIST-Life within, the Fourth Secret of Strength Answers to Questions	XIV. Joy after Heaviness

ADDRESSES TO MEN

I. The Blamelessness of the Body	III. Kindly Toleration
II. Personal Service	IV. Temptation

TO ART STUDENTS (GIRLS AND WOMEN)

Christianity and Life

---

LONDON: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and

44, Victoria Street, S.W.





BT  
736.2  
W5

Winnington-Ingram, Arthur Foley, Bp. of  
b.1858.

The church in time of war / by Arthur  
Winnington Ingram. -- London : Wells Gardne  
1915.

xii, 318p. ; 20cm.

1. Church of England--Sermons. 2. Eur  
War, 1914-1918--Religious aspects--Addre  
essays, lectures. 3. War and religion--  
essays, lectures.

